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MASSASOIT'S DAUGHTER;

OR,

THE FRENCH CAPTIVES.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

New-York and London:

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MASSASOIT'S DAUGHTER;

OR, THE

FRENCH CAPTIVES.

A ROMANCE OF ABORIGINAL NEW-ENGLAND.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.



NEW YORK AND LONDON:
BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
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RETHINAG STORIES

1862-1863

REVILED AND REVERED

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Southern District of New York.

THE FRENCH CAPTIVES.

CHAPTER I.

WRECK OF AN EMIGRANT SHIP.

THERE is a dangerous stretch of rocky land inclosing the waters which wash the shores of Plymouth, where, even now, the mariner fearfully guides his bark through dangerous shoals—a narrow promontory, whose extremity pierces Massachusetts Bay, and whose entire length is exposed to all the violence of Atlantic tempests. Even at the present day, the shores of Cape Cod—as the first discoverers designated it—and the storm-beaten beaches which buffet the tide as far as Gloucester Point, are often strewn with the wrecks of shattered vessels, and the bodies of their hapless crews. Scarcely a storm rises, at certain seasons, from the inclement east, that does not leave its dreadful traces on these dangerous headlands; and many a brave ship, returning from some tedious voyage, has here found her grave, even when the roofs of her sailors' homes were visible to their despairing eyes, and the ears of expectant friends were open to their drowning cries.

Hither, in her pride, came a ship of France, with freight of hopeful men and trusting women, while in her wake rose the storm-cloud, and before her crouched the hidden forms of unknown reefs. This was in the summer of 1615, while the Pilgrims were still in Holland, though the French had long since peopled portions of Canada and the Islands.

Up into the blue twilight rose that ominous cloud, while along the ocean's surface swelled a moan as of perturbed

spirits of the deep. One of those sudden tempests, that leap at once, like an aroused giant, from the bosom of our northern seas, and scatter destruction around their path, as with mighty strides they traverse the vexed waters—one of those awful throes of nature now shook the mounting billows, as a steed's mane is shaken in the battle. The ship bowed before the gale, her tall masts bent like reeds, her high-built prow and majestic quarter dashing away the huge billows which strove to overwhelm her. Onward, with headlong speed, she rushed toward her fate, like a wild horse goaded by the hunter's shaft. Vainly were the flapping sails bent to the straining masts, and heavy anchors launched into the frothy waters. On dashed the ship—on to the rocks with a crash; then there was a shivering heave, and then a dull thump; the crack of parting timbers, followed by a shriek of fear and agony—voices of the terror-stricken, calling upon heaven.

Far above the roar of the storm and the cries of perishing wretches, was heard the war-whoop of the savage as he marked the peril of his stranger foes, and saw that they must perish, or become his captives.

The Indian is a poetic subject for the romancer to endow with the attributes of an unsullied nature—to portray as clothed with chivalric character, and invested with all the rude virtues supposed to belong peculiarly to a state of nomad innocence. But, an Indian painted and decorated for war, in all the glories of shells, feathers, wampum, with a sheaf of arrows, a stone-hatchet, an oaken-bow, oyster-shell scalping-knife, and having a disposition to cut, hack, maim and torture his enemies to the utmost extent of their endurance, is a positive and real object not at all agreeable to encounter; and if our ancestors, of worthy Pilgrim memory, were sometimes inclined to exhibit their horror of such things by making short work of armed savages, we may, perhaps, imagine an occasional excuse for their so doing, by considering the circumstances in which they were placed, as continually threatened by a remorseless race, jealous of their presence, and anxious for their destruction.

It may be fancied that the poor French emigrants, who beheld, from the decks of the stranded ship, the fierce band anticipating their doom, and exulting in its imminence,

abandoned all hope of escape, and gave way to despair. Children clung about the necks of their mothers, wives were folded wildly in their husbands' arms, friends embraced one another in affectionate farewells—all gave themselves to the terror of the moment, mingling their cries and prayers in sad confusion. The poor wanderers crouched upon the narrow deck, while the daylight faded, the storm howled, and around them dashed the angry waters, sweeping over the reefs, and threatening each moment to engulf the wrecked vessel. Meantime, the savages had kindled large fires at many points upon the beach, the light of which streamed across the gloomy water, and reached the dismantled ship; and, on the sand, amid the flaming piles, while the rain poured, and the wind shrieked around them, could be seen their dusky forms, as, with pine-knot torches brandished above their heads, they leaped and danced, singing and yelling so loud that every note rung in the ear of the shuddering occupants of the wreck.

The hours passed slowly on, though, alas! too quickly for the unhappy emigrants, who, striving to sustain one another upon the slippery planks, or clinging singly to the bulwarks, looked out through the mist toward the savages circling round their war-fires. It was evident to the despairing emigrants that no alternative but death or captivity among the redskins could be presented to them, even should they succeed in reaching the shore after the final breaking up of the vessel, of which event they were in momentary anticipation. The captain, however, a dark-visaged and determined man, had not yet resigned himself to the apathy which prevents thought or exertion. He had weighed in his own mind the chances of escape, and saw that there remained one, at least, in case the tempest should subside during the night. This was to leave the stranded vessel by means of the boats, and, instead of landing, to push boldly for the sea, and then, by skirting the headlands and capes, to gain at least some southern point, whence the English settlement of Raleigh, or the new colony of Maryland, might be speedily reached. Unfortunately, however, such escape could be available only to a few, inasmuch as the main boat of the ship had been swamped during the stress of the gale, and there remained only the pinnace, and a small cockle-shell affair which could hold but a half-dozen

of the passengers. However, Captain Pierre did not hesitate, but decided upon securing his own safety, whatsoever might be the consequences. He had been used to many adventures, perilous, and, rumor said, illegal; for it was more than suspected by the emigrants who had engaged him to man and master the ship, that the worthy Pierre had, in former years, known a career less peaceful—indeed, that his rightful companions were rather buccaneers of the Indies than good citizens emigrating for the sake of enjoying quiet lives. The master was not, indeed, a Frenchman, but a Creole of the Spanish main, who had been employed by the emigrants as navigator of the vessel which they owned in shares; moreover, the crew which Captain Pierre had brought with him were of different countries, and though notable good seamen, were yet on quite familiar footing with their master, so as, indeed, to cause a strong suspicion among the emigrants of a former intimacy existing between the parties, which might suggest many memories of adventure connected with Spanish galleons. Nevertheless, Captain Pierre had contracted for the expedition, and had thus far performed his stipulations, which, of course, could not take into account the disasters and mischances of the ocean.

The Creole captain, at this moment, whatever bad or good actions had been his antecedents, was intent on escaping the fate which at present seemed to menace the whole company. He quietly called to him a dozen of the crew, who were evidently old associates of their commander, and, retiring with them to a space between bulkheads not yet battered by the waves, and near which the pinnace was secured, unfolded the plan he had devised. The rough followers readily acquiesced in their leader's design, though one of them, a blunt fellow, whose round head and bull-dog face proclaimed an English origin, ventured to remark, with an oath:

"Then these poor Frenchmen, with their wenches, will assuredly be eaten by the cannibals on shore yonder. Mass! but it goes hard with my conscience to leave them, Captain Pierre!"

"You are a fool, Robin," answered the Creole, "for the sensible man lives as long as he can, and lets others do the same."

"And, in good sooth," returned the Englishman, with a laugh, in which he seemed to swallow his scruples, "in good sooth, the French people are fitter to die than any of us rovers, Captain Pierre; so I e'en think we may give them the slip with quiet conscience."

"Well, knave, out with the pinnace, and make no noise about it," said Captain Pierre; "there's a patch of still water under the bows, and the boat may swing till the backbone of the storm is broken, which can not be long, if the wind blows like this."

At last, a lull in the fierceness of the wind, and thunder-rolls dying away in the deep, announced that the gale had spent its violence. Presently the heavy mist that had clothed the waters like a pall, and through which the lightning at times hardly penetrated, began to break in many places, and permit the expiring embers of the Indian war-fires to be seen, marking the line of sandy beach. The savages themselves were no longer visible; but anon, their yells were heard higher up among the woods, and the white men knew that their foes waited but for the morning's light to attack the ship. Thus wore away the dismal hours, the waters still violent and beating upon the wreck, and the shifting clouds now breaking away slightly, and now closing in dense masses. Thus, at length, the midnight hour came and passed, and then, just as a heavy wave was retreating, there sounded a dull blow that seemed to shiver through the vessel, and immediately afterward the great galley, which was built at the ship's stern, broke completely off, carrying with it a portion of the quarter, and a score of men and women who clung along the nettings. A shriek rose from the waters as the dark mass of wood, with its freight of living beings, swept seaward with the ebbing wave, and then a silence as of death settled over all.

But the pause lasted not long, for it was the effect of an agonizing dread, which soon found utterance in words, and sobs, and cries to heaven. In the midst of this sorrowful tumult, a deep voice penetrated the ears of all who had survived the parting of the galley from the quarter:

"Friends, the ship breaks up! An hour hence, and naught but fragments will remain! Let us prepare to meet death like Frenchmen and Christians, and that we may have strength so to do, let us now unite in prayer to our Lord."

It was the voice of Abbe Claude—a priest who had accompanied the expedition, and whose kindly ministries had endeared him to all the emigrants. His solemn accents now fell upon the despairing hearts of his friends with an influence that calmed their terrors, albeit they felt that the prayer which they should offer would be likewise their requiem. At this moment, another voice was heard:

“Comrades, it is good to pray, but it is better to work. The storm is now over; let us make a bridge over the rocks with spars, and thus reach the shore.”

It was a man of Brittany who spoke—one high in esteem among his companions, and a murmur of approval greeted his words. He continued:

“It will presently be impossible to escape, for, as the good Abbe says, the ship is breaking fast. Therefore, before we pray, let us work, I say, that we may get to the shore. Ho, captain! Captain Pierre!”

But Captain Pierre’s voice sounded not in answer to the Briton’s call.

“Ho, Captain Pierre! the storm has ceased! let us make a raft to the shore!”

Then a loud hail came from the gloom which hung around the vessel’s side, shrouding the waters, and a quick dash, as of oars, was audible.

“Make ye a raft, an’ ye will, friends! It is a good thought. But Captain Pierre can not come to ye. Adieu!”

As that farewell sounded, a last flash of lightning lit the surrounding waters, and the dazzled eyes of the wretched emigrants faintly perceived the pinnace, filled with men, rowing with all speed over the black surface, propelled by double oars. A gloom settled over their spirits, and a low cry escaped many lips. Even the Briton’s voice faltered as he cried:

“Captain Pierre has deserted us!”

“Let us now pray!” said Abbe Claude.

The Briton answered not, and presently the clear, powerful tones of the priest’s voice rose sweetly above the turmoil of winds and waves. He prayed upon that parting wreck, amid the shivering forms of his companions, and his words were echoed by moaning cries, and by deep amens from the inmost

hearts of his hearers. Sublime was the great tumult of waters beneath his voice—solemn, indeed, the church in which he knelt—the dying audience whom he addressed.

Then—the ship broke in twain, the whirling billows dashed her shattered timbers upon the rocks, and caught up the shrieking wretches who clung to spars and cordage, hurling them remorselessly among the breakers, or bearing them ashore, where murdering enemies awaited, with tomahawks upraised, to wreak their savage cruelties upon such as might escape the ocean's fangs.

As the beautiful sun, which, at its setting, had kissed the gay streamers of the ship of France, arose to fill another daily course, the wrecked emigrants were slain, or captured, or fleeing, they knew not whither, through the dense forest of that unknown land where after-wanderers were to find a less inhospitable greeting, and where was to be born that mighty child of a mighty mother, which the world was to know as New England.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE WILDERNESS.

UPON the greensward knelt three figures—an old man, a youth, and a fair young girl. The first, by his garb, and the crucifix which he held aloft, seemed a priest: a man with placid face and thoughtful eyes—one of those self-denying, earnest souls, who first dared the perils of our untrodden wilds, to plant amid deserts the seeds of eternal life.

Near him was a young man, whose attire, though torn and travel-stained, was yet of costly texture and delicate workmanship. His embroidered doublet and rich vest, his jeweled belt, and the plumed hat which lay near him on the sward, as well as the diamond-hilted sword that glittered by his side, marked him as a cavalier of rank. Small hope of golden stores had been the inducement to the young Louis de Luzerne to embark on the outward voyage of Captain Pierre, and mingle with the hundred emigrants who sought the shores of Canada, then first explored, and called *Acadië* by the French. But a higher motive actuated him. He sought a father, long since banished from his native land for some act which had incurred the arbitrary displeasure of his king. Moreover, the young man cherished another sacred duty—the protection of an only sister, whose tenderest years he had overwatched, and whose beautiful youth he was now guiding with all the enthusiasm of a brother's noble love. With this sister, Louis had embarked in the ship of Captain Pierre; with her he contemplated to share a sylvan home in the new Arcadia of his hopes; and with her he prayed that he might greet a long-lost sire, who, perchance, in his wilderness-exile, despaired of ever again beholding his children.

Beautiful, exceedingly, is prayer—if it be but the true prayer of the heart.

Such was that of the young girl, breathed in the solitude of an American forest, ere the foot of an Englishman had pressed the strand of Plymouth. The prayer was in the sweet French tongue. Its burden was:

“Marie, reine du ciel, priez pour nous!”

And the priest and the young man echoed the musical orison, saying:

“Mary, Queen of Heaven, pray for us!”

She prayed with soft devotion—

“O ma mere, bien aimee!”

The old man, with white locks, and the youth, in low response, upraised their eyes, and murmured—

“Oh my mother, well-beloved!”

“Marie! priez pour nous!

Mary! pray for us!”

A solemn and beautiful litany was this, in the deep stillness of a summer's eve, upon a wild, New-England mountain. The shadows lengthened as the prayer proceeded, and gloom deepened around the worshipers. The holy eyes of the maiden Marie shone through the dimness, and her white hands, clasped in earnestness, gleamed from the shadows like the pinions of a snowy dove.

The three who knelt upon the sward were all who had escaped the final catastrophe of the wreck. Louis de Luzerne, in the last moments of terror succeeding the knowledge of Captain Pierre's desertion of the ship, had succeeded, by great exertions, in casting loose a small skiff, or rather canoe, which was fast to the dismantled quarter, and in this frail bark had placed his sister, the priest Claude, and a youth of his own country, named Gabriel St. Elmo. At the dread moment when the sea broke over and engulfed the passengers, this little skiff, to which the four emigrants clung, was lifted from the quarter by a heavy swell, and flung high up among the breakers, whence a returning billow dragged it back to the wild turmoil of waters. Abbe Claude held the maiden in his arms, and Louis, with nervous hand, strove to guide the little boat with the broken blade of an oar which he had secured. But the youth St. Elmo, who had been with them when the wreck broke up, was now no longer visible. He had lost his hold upon the skiff, and been overwhelmed at once by the

breakers. The boat itself, after tossing to and fro, whirled in many directions, at last passed beyond a sheltering headland, where the embayed waters were calm, and there the wanderers remained till the gray dawn discovered to them their situation.

For many days and nights they pursued their route over hills and meadows, and through verdant vales, that were clothed with all the garniture of summer-time, and redolent with sweetest incenses of virgin nature. They journeyed very slowly, but still in the direction, as they believed, of their countrymen's settlement, called *Acadië*. With no chart or compass, save the rising and setting sun, to tell them of the east and west, and having many times to diverge from a straight course, in following the curves of rivers which they could not cross, they nevertheless pressed forward hopefully, with an unfaltering trust in Him who had thus far protected them. Abbe Claude strengthened the courage of Louis by his pious faith and converse, and the youth, on his part, devoted every care to the tender one who clung to him by day and night. Many a mile did he walk, carrying Marie in his arms like an infant, and hushing her fears with brave assurances that all must yet be well; that at the French settlement they must speedily arrive, and there be folded to the heart of a long-lost parent.

So, day by day, they walked the wilderness, until, at length, one sultry eve, they gained the high slopes of Mount Wachusett, then towering, as it towers this day, over a wide horizon of green fields and waving woods and silvery streamlets, twining its base like ribbons. With but vague notions concerning the extent of that strange coast whereon they had been thrown so suddenly, the Abbe Claude believed that a few days' journey must conduct them to the settlements of the French.

The mountain they had now reached was the highest encountered in their journey thus far; and they had ascended nearly to its highest ledges, in the hope that from such an altitude the traces of civilized existence might welcome their vision. Of the Indian race they had seen no signs since leaving the sea-shore; and this fact had given them more assurance that their course was a proper one. Great, therefore, was the disappointment of all when, on climbing to a 'ty point of

the wooded elevation, they could discern nothing in the extreme distance but interminable hills and hollows, covered with dense forest-growths like those which they had been traversing for so many weary days.

Marie, who had refused to complain of pain or weariness during the difficult ascent, here sunk entirely exhausted. She seemed about to yield under the hardships that had so severely taxed her gentle frame.

Louis bent down and pressed his lips to his sister's cheek. "Marie!" he said, "the good God watches over us! Let us put our trust in Him!"

"Yes!" answered Abbe Claude. "Let us have faith in Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!"

"My brother!" murmured the young girl, "should I die, you will go to our father! Perhaps he—"

A tall, black shadow fell athwart the dusky twilight. Marie uttered a shriek of terror—shrinking back and then falling upon the greensward. A painted savage had stolen noiselessly from the thicket, and laid his tawny hand upon her arm. Louis sprung to his feet, drawing, as he did so, the sword which rested beside him. But, as if by consent, a fierce yell resounded through the forest-depths, and a line of yelling savages emerged from the gloom, brandishing pine-knot torches and weapons of murderous shape, while, with horrible cries, they danced in long circles, closing about their prey.

Louis saw, for the moment, only one object—his poor sister, prostrate upon the sward, motionless as in death. In another instant the brother's glance met the fierce regards of an Indian warrior, and simultaneously the two sprung to a renconter, in which the red-man's stone tomahawk was shivered by the young Frenchman's sword-blade, and his breast pierced by its point. But of what avail could be a single arm against such fearful odds? A dozen savages precipitated themselves upon the brave youth. A hundred threatening arms were uplifted to dispatch him.

Abbe Claude, raising his crucifix above his bare brow, knelt beside the swooning maiden, sustaining her slight form. It was a blessed unconsciousness that steeped the poor child's senses, shielding her from the sights and sounds around her;

for the wilderness appeared alive with foemen, and an unearthly chorus of whoops and cries bespoke the jubilee of savage triumph.

Luzerne, struggling vainly against overpowering numbers, beheld his sword wrested from his grasp after a tomahawk blow had disabled his wrist. Defenseless and smitten to the ground, he submitted to be bound, as was the Abbe Claude, with tough withes of bark, while the still fainting Marie was lifted, a death-like burden, on the arm of a tall Indian who appeared to be the chief of the band.

Abbe Claude and Louis Luzerne were driven before their red captors down the dim forest-aisles, and, with bleeding feet and pinioned arms, urged onward swiftly by their Narragansett captors. Ah! what a dismal spectacle appalled them as they raised their burning eyes!—a ghastly line of trophies borne on bloody spear-points—dark, reeking scalps, with the short hair of men, and long tresses, and blonde ringlets—the last vestiges of matrons and maids, whose corses lay unburied upon the sands of the shore. These sad relics were all that remained of their late companions in exile—the hapless crew and passengers of the wrecked ship!

CHAPTER III.

THE WHITE MAN'S CRIME.

ON the same evening that Luzerne, his sister, and the Abbe Claude ascended the mountain of Wachusett, and beheld the sun set from its summit, another scene of glory was visible some score of miles to the south. The declining sun was spreading a gauze of fire over the broad waters of Massachusetts Bay, and along the margin of her golden sands a myriad of rippling waves were breaking brightly and quietly, glittering in the western light like dissolving shells of pearl.

Beneath the spreading boughs of a stalwart oak, that stretched its ponderous arms toward the shore, sat a young Indian mother, while her child rocked in a birchen cradle that depended from a branch of the oak. She was weaving a chain of wampum, and crooning to herself, in a low-toned, musical voice, some plaintive ditty of her native tribe. At times her dark eyes fell, with a glance of love, upon her slumbering infant, and then, with a smile, were directed afar to the distant hill-tops, their glance following the course of a narrow hunting-path, which led from the sea-shore through the dense forest. By that path Outesie knew that her husband, a brave Pequod hunter, would seek his cabin at the sunset hour, and her heart beat in glad anticipation; for the young mother was proud and fond of the father of her babe.

A boat appeared upon the waters of the bay, gradually approaching the land. Stealing onward, in the shadow of the high beach-rocks, it drew noiselessly nearer and nearer to the bank upon which the Indian mother sat. She saw it not, for the eyes and heart of Outesie were fixed upon the tall form of a man parting the leafy solitude. She knew it was her husband—a stately chieftain with plumed head and wampum-decked breast, returning from the chase. He held his bow in his hand, and rapidly descended the wooded hill, while the loving eyes of his wife eagerly watched his coming.

The boat had now rounded the nearest point, and her keel struck the sands of the shore. The Indian mother stood near the oak tree, her gaze fixed upon the advancing chieftain, and she heard not the approach of the strangers till a rough hand was laid upon her. Turning quickly, she beheld two beings with white faces, and in singular garb, standing close beside her. At once all that she had heard concerning spirits of evil flashed over her mind. But she thought not of self—her first emotion was apprehension for her sleeping child. With a shriek she darted to the oak tree, and snatched from its waving bough the birchen cradle in which her babe reposed.

The Pequod chieftain heard the shriek. His eyes fell upon the strangers who were pursuing her. No fear of evil spirits palsied the Indian's limbs, for he knew that the intruders were men of that pale race which, in other portions of the land, had already marked its advent with violence and blood. He fitted an arrow to his bow, and, bounding down the mountain-path, gained the oak tree, where his terrified wife had sunk insensible. The white men beheld the stalwart form of the Indian dashing toward them, and, turning quickly, they regained their boat, and pushed away from the beach.

The chieftain did not pursue them. His first care was to raise the fainting Outesie, and hush the terror of the babe, now awake, and uttering loud cries. Meanwhile the boat, which contained perhaps a dozen men, had reached the clear water at some distance from the shore, and there its crew, resting upon their oars, surveyed the movements of the red-man.

Outesie's eyes soon opened beneath her husband's caresses, and she clung tremblingly to his bosom, as her gaze wandered shoreward and beheld the white spirits of her fear.

"Outesie—my wild bird—they are gone! It is I—it is Mattakan who embraces thee."

Outesie stretched forth her arms for her child, and, pressing it to her heart, soothed its plaintive cries. The twilight was now falling, and Mattakan and his wife had several miles to walk to their own lodge, for the oak tree was but a trysting-place where Outesie was wont to meet her chieftain, as he returned, laden with small game, from the forest-hunt. At the present time, Mattakan's belt of wampum held several birds and rabbits, pierced by his unerring shaft.

Suddenly, however, as the chieftain turned to enter, with Outesie, the forest-depths, and give the alarm to the village that strangers were upon their waters, a loud report, that sounded in the Indian's ears like thunder, caused him to turn his head. At the same moment a bullet whistled past, and, striking the oak-tree, splintered the bark in fragments at his feet. Mattakan, appalled at the strange power which had performed this feat, stood for a moment silently clasping the hand of Outesie, then hurriedly led her toward the forest-path. Another moment, and his form would be lost in the shadows of the great trees. Outesie, with beating heart, folded her babe in her arms and followed her husband.

Again that loud report startled the echoes. It was mingled with the dying shriek of Outesie! A bullet from the white man's musket had pierced her loving heart. She staggered forward and fell at the roots of the reverent oak which had been her place of tryst, the babe still clasped to her heart.

Mattakan knelt beside his wife; he saw the life-stream welling from the cruel wound in her bosom; he met her soft eyes, upturned to his own, in a long, last look of affection; and then, as she sunk upon the sward, Mattakan knew that Outesie was no more. The leaden death of the pale strangers had robbed him of his beloved.

Fury filled the soul of the Pequod chief. Raising a wild peal of the war-whoop, he rushed to the water's edge, and, fitting an arrow to his bow, launched it at the retreating boat. The shaft fell short of its mark, and a shrill laugh of triumphal scorn came from the white men. A discharge of muskets hurled a dozen bullets around the chieftain's form; but he heeded them not, though the plume was struck from his scalp-lock, and his wampum-necklace was cut in twain by the missiles. Why should Mattakan now fear death? His heart was with the dead Outesie.

Slowly he retraced his steps to the oak tree, while the white man's boat glided away on the misty waters of the bay. And when the last rays of day had fled from the scene, and the night shades drew heavily around, Mattakan stood beside a grave that he had scooped out in the sand beneath the oak tree.

In that grave the Pequod chieftain buried the body of his

beloved Outesie. But first he knelt upon the sand beside his lost one, and, severing a tress of her long, black hair, placed it in his bosom, murmuring a few low words. The tress was wet with the blood of his murdered wife, and the words which Mattakan breathed were a vow of vengeance upon the pale-faces.

Wrapping the young child in a garment of its slain mother, he pressed it to his heaving heart, and then departed into the wilderness.

Many moons passed away, but Mattakan was seen no more upon the shores of the Massachusetts, and his voice resounded not in the wigwams of his tribe. Mattakan hunted no more upon the three hills of Shawmut.

The small mound, beneath the ancient oak that marked the grave of Outesie, began to crumble before the encroaching waves, and soon the waters encircled the oak itself.

But Mattakan came not, and none among his nation knew whither he had wandered.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NARRAGANSETT TRIUMPH.

OVER the green hillsides, through deep woods and across swollen rivers, journeyed a long line of dusky savages, each treading in the footsteps of the one who preceded him, as they tracked their way toward the declining sun. They were all hideously painted, and ornamented with the grotesque trappings of aboriginal vanity. Feathers, shells, and strings of wampum, mingled with the skins of snakes and teeth of wolves, were hung about their necks and bosoms, and, in addition to these customary decorations, many wore trinkets of copper, and silver and golden crosses. It was evident, indeed, that they were returning home with the trophies of some recent victory; for, scattered among their under accoutrements, were torn and blood-stained articles of European clothing, fabrics of costly texture, fragments of gilded wood, and finely-wrought drinking-vessels, which clinked together as the short, quick trot of the savages shook them from side to side.

The red-men were merry; for strange sights had they witnessed, and great triumphs won. They had met the white strangers from beyond the waters, and beheld his "big canoe" shattered by the terrible breath of Hobbomocko, and seen how its great ribs were broken upon the rocks of the seaside. They had smitten the pale-faces, as they gained the shore, and made their hands red with the blood of the white strangers. And now they journeyed homeward with great joy, for many scalps of young and old danced before the eyes of the Narragansett warriors. Envious would be the tribes of the Massachusetts, when news of the bold deeds of the Narragansetts should reach their ears, as they sat amid the squaws in their wigwams.

The war-party pursued its march, till at length the village

of the tribe was neared, and the Narragansett hunting-grounds stretched before the gaze of their returning owners. Whooping and yelling, the savage warriors quickened their pace, and tossed in the air the bloody poles on which were stretched a hundred gory scalps. And forth from the lodges and wigwams, to greet them, came the old men, and squaws, and children, leaping wildly about, and screeching, like demons, a welcome to their victorious friends. O, it was a horrible and unearthly scene to look upon—that demoniac welcome home! for distorted figures, naked and frightfully painted, danced beneath the old forest-trees, in the light of blazing pine-knots, which they whirled above their heads, and a chorus of terrific cries mingled with the beat of wooden drums and blast of conch-shells, frightening the wild beasts to their lairs by the more intense wildness of savage men. It was a joyous welcome, indeed, to the returning warriors, but a fearful greeting to their wretched captives, who, tattered, scourged, and fettered, marched in the midst of the whooping band. There were two prisoners—one youthful and fair, with delicate limbs, now, alas, all bleeding and bruised from blows and the hardships of travel; the other, with white locks and reverend brow, alike bruised and wearied, but pressing bravely onward, his shackled hands folded meekly on his breast.

Vainly had Louis de Luzerne struggled for freedom—vainly prayed for death; the goading spears of his cruel captors urged him forward on the toilsome march, though his pinioned limbs had grown stiff with pain and fatigue. The aged priest, like himself, was half bowed to the ground under a load of trophies, which the Indians had compelled them to bear; still, the good *Abbe*, forgetful of self, whispered words of consolation in the young man's ear.

“Courage, my son!” whispered the old priest. “*Marie*, thy sweet sister, may still be saved, like ourselves.”

“Alas! her scalp may even now dangle amid those which yon savages toss about, like demons that they are. Better for *Marie*, truly if she indeed perished on the mountain!”

“She would then rest where the wicked might not trouble,” responded the priest. “Nevertheless, the Almighty may have preserved her, my son, and as Christian men, it is meet that we give not way to despair!”

"Would that I were lying beside my sister!" cried Louis, refusing to be consoled by the good Abbe's words. "Would," he continued, more bitterly, "that these heathen savages were done with their mummery, that they might be speedy in their sacrifice of which we are to be the victims!"

"Nay, tempt not Heaven with impious wishes! We indeed suffer, but One has suffered before us. Trust in that One, my son—even Him in whom the young Marie trusted."

The youth did not reply, for a whisper, low and sweet as the summer wind, seemed to echo the priest's words. The memory of his sister's voice descended like dew upon his bruised heart, and he felt that, if the maiden was indeed no more of earth, her spirit would be near him in the hour of trial. He bent his head and went silently on.

The unearthly scene—the horrible faces of the Indians, and their terrific gestures, seeming to menace death to the captives at every contortion of the dance—began to swim indistinctly before the eyes of Abbe Claude and his young countryman. Soon it seemed that only a confused whirl of dusky figures, gleaming torches, and upheld spears and hatchets, danced before them, and then they heard but a din of yells and horrid laughter, mingled with dull tomahawk-strokes upon the post to which they were fastened. Then, as the savage triumph grew wilder and wilder, Heaven vouchsafed relief to the wretched prisoners. Fear, exhaustion and suffering paralyzed their senses. Their eyes closed, and they became unconscious of torture.

CHAPTER V.

ROBIN BALL.

"I DOUBT, Captain Pierre, you and I and all of us will rue that luckless shot ere we be clear of these heathen savages," said the voice of a man who held the rudder of a large boat which, filled with his companions, was skirting the jutting points of a long reach of rocks forming the entrance of what is now the Mystic river.

"And I doubt, Robin Ball, you will one day provoke me to send as luckless a shot into that English pate of yours," replied Captain Pierre.

"A luckless shot, and a luckless hand, and a luckless soul, will be that which shall seek harm to Robin Ball, and he live to know the same!" retorted the Englishman. "Nathless, I will say, what I said before, that it was a coward act to shoot that young squaw out of rank wantonness! What need was there to waste powder at all, Captain Pierre."

"Have care, Robin Ball, of your speech, else there will be more than words between us. What think ye if I leave ye ashore among your good friends, the red-men? By my faith, it were fair wages for mutinous grumbling wherewith ye would breed evil blood among comrades."

"Call my speech what ye may, Captain Pierre, there shall not be wanting a hand to back what the mouth utters."

"Dog! do you threaten me?" cried the Creole, starting from his seat in the middle of the vessel, and half raising his sword, as he leaned toward the boat-steerer. "Another word from that mutinous throat, and there'll be one less of this good company."

"Say you so, Captain Pierre?" retorted the Englishman, letting go his hold of the rudder, and grasping instead the barrel of an arquebus, which lay beside him at the stern of the boat. "If Rob Ball be a dog, he is no dog of a Creole

buccaneer. "What, ho, my masters!" continued the seaman, glancing from one to another of his comrades in the pinnace: "Will ye see your messmate tossed overboard to the sharks, because he doubts the good policy of murdering squaws, when we have thousands of bloody savages tracking us night and day since the shipwreck?"

The seaman's appeal was not without its effect, for a murmur ran from one to another of the crew, and Captain Pierre's uplifted arm dropped irresolute by his side. The Creole, however, was not a man to be easily alarmed. He knew well the natures of those who composed the greater portion of the company, since it was true that several of them had sailed with him in former years in quest of adventures quite as perilous as the present one. On the other hand, he was aware that the English sailor, Rob Ball, was a fellow of address and boldness, and possessed not a little influence over many of the crew. Beside this, the unfortunate termination of the voyage had disheartened most of the men, who had heretofore not been backward in expressing themselves in terms of insubordination quite as positive as those of the Englishman. Captain Pierre, therefore, saw that his better policy was to temporize.

"Come, come, Robin Ball," he said, releasing his clasp of the sword-hilt, and stretching out his hand to the boat-steerer: "Let the past be forgotten between worthy comrades! If the squaw had held her peace, no harm had been done. As it was, comrade, I sought not to slay the woman—it was the red dog I aimed at."

Robin Ball doggedly took the hand which was extended to him, but he gave it no grasp of reconciliation.

"It was a coward shot, I'll maintain!" he muttered.

Captain Pierre overheard the remark, and bit his lip, while the dark blood mounted to his face. Nevertheless, he only laughed, displaying his white teeth, and said:

"Well, worthy Rob, the next shot shall be yours! But, look ye, comrades—the smooth beach and quiet cove of yon little isle will give us a snug harbor for the night. I like not skirting these thickets in the full glare of the moon. And, see! the wench is just peeping from behind those tall trees! Presently her beams will light up the waters, so that

we shall be quite too fair a target for the arrows of red marks-men! Prythee, good Robin, point the boat shoreward, an' it please you!"

But Robin Ball's temper seemed to be far from placable on this occasion. He gloomily held his peace, and though, as directed, he steered the pinnace into shoal-water, and gained the narrow cove, beyond which a patch of hard beach, glittering in the rays of moonlight which now began to glimmer through the forest-leaves, offered a secure landing-place, it was evident that no gentle feeling warmed his heart with reference to his commander. Of this, however, the Creole apparently took no note, waiting quietly in his place till the boat's keel struck the sands, and then springing ashore with the rest of the crew, seemingly losing all recollection of the late war of words. Robin Ball muttered a few grumbling words, as he aided in dragging the boat upon the beach, and securing it for the night, and then joined his companions in disposing of his allotted share of the scanty remnant of provisions which they had saved from the wreck, but to which had been added an abundant store of succulent Indian corn, gleaned from an Indian plantation encountered on their devious voyage in the pinnace.

Captain Pierre was well versed in savage craft, for he had dwelt in the Havana, and among the islands of the Spanish main, and, withal, was a politic and fearless adventurer, who made light of dangers and adversities which might have gone far to dishearten one of weaker mould. Under his skillful pilotage, by rowing in the shadow of the banks, and keeping watchful eye both for canoes upon the bay and savage lodge-smokes on the land, the band which he led had for a week navigated the mouths of various harbors, and even ventured far along the banks of rivers that manifestly penetrated the far interior of the land. It was not, indeed, till the mentioned evening that the Creole, on discovering, as he thought, a solitary squaw reclining near the beach, conceived the wicked project of obtaining possession of the defenseless creature, and thus gaining information concerning the red tribes who dwelt on the shores of the Massachusetts. Other and cruel purpose had Captain Pierre, which he as yet imparted to but two or three of his followers, and this was to

oblige his prisoner to conduct the band to some village of the red people, which he proposed surprising in the night, and making captures of a goodly number of children. These prizes secured, and the pinnace safely steered from the bay, the Creole thought that little difficulty would be experienced in coasting the land southward to Havana, where his captives could be profitably disposed of as slaves to the planters in that island. It was a nefarious design, but one quite in keeping with the character of the buccaneer, and not, indeed, at variance with the customs of the time, inasmuch as other adventurers, English as well as Spanish and French, had amassed large fortunes by the same traffic.

Pierre Dacot, therefore, or Captain Pierre, as he was called, found no difficulty in reconciling his conscience to the deed thus contemplated; and, though foiled in his attempt to abduct the Pequod woman, by the sudden appearance of her husband, whom the rover feared might be accompanied by other savages, he determined, at the earliest opportunity, to carry into execution his project of kidnapping. The pinnace was large enough to accommodate, beside his crew, some dozen or more close-pinioned children, and, by these latter, Captain Pierre hoped to realize a few hard pieces of gold as soon as he should reach the Havana.

It was necessary that all his companions should be made acquainted with the enterprise proposed. He knew the obstinate disposition of Robin Ball, and likewise that this stolid fellow had been much disaffected since their abandonment of the emigrants; and yet it was of the first importance that Rob, who was much regarded among the men, should give his earnest co-operation to the business of kidnapping, in order to insure its success. The Creole regretted bitterly the dispute which had occurred between himself and the Englishman, and resolved to heal the breach as speedily as possible. No sooner, then, was the pinnace secured for the night, and the men dispersed under the leafy covert of the small island where they had sought a sheltered repose, than the captair drew near to Robin Ball, and said, in a coaxing voice:

"Comrade! if I spake word of offense, or if the rash deed of the enemy has stirred up bitterness between us, it is not meet that comrades in danger should harbor malice. Here,

then, Robin, is my hand, and let us be friends once more, for I love you too well to sleep in anger with you."

The English seaman held the rover's hand a moment, without speaking, though he returned the pressure which it gave his own. Then he said slowly—"Captain Pierre, there be many natures and many paths in the world. Your nature, I doubt, is not my nature; and when this voyage is over, our paths will very like be wide from each other. But as you say, comrades in danger should harbor no malice. Therefore let us be no more at strife till we meet in Christian land."

"With all my heart, brave comrade," said the captain. "And if, when we are safe among Christian men once more, Robin Ball shall show cause of grievance against Pierre Dacot, by my troth, I shall be ready to settle the score, with sword, dagger, or pistol, as the case may be."

Rob Ball appeared greatly mollified by this promise on the part of the leader, and shook the latter's hand with earnestness, as he replied: "That's fair and frank, and beshrew me but Robin will give Pierre whatever satisfaction he may claim—as my hand on the bargain now warrants. So good night, captain!"

Saying this, Rob Ball was about to cast himself on the soft, grass, where he had already made a pillow of leaves, covered with his thick sailor's gabardine, but Captain Pierre had not yet finished the conversation to his liking.

"We have had the fiend's own luck in this voyage," he cried, seating himself beside the sailor. "Look you at me, comrade—stripped of all I possessed by the wreck, and obliged to begin the world without a maravedi. Now, if some stroke of fortune were to offer—if we could but get away from this savage land, and fall in with some rich galleon that a few stout blows might master—"

"Mass! but it would be better than shooting squaws for marksmanship," said Rob Ball. "Faith, Captain Pierre! I value my life as highly as any man's—but if a good Spanish merchantman were to be had by the risk of it, never fear to find Robin lagging in the background."

"I doubt you not, Robin, I doubt you not," answered the Creole. "But, we are not yet at the Havana, and when the Havana is reached, it is many a league to Tortugas' Isle, and further still to the Oronoco, and the Spanish main."

"Good-by, then, to Spanish galleons!" said Rob Ball, moodily.

"Not so!" answered the crafty Creole. "Have you not heard, Rob, of your bold countryman, Walter Raleigh, who sailed the great main, and went in search of the Golden People of Guiana?"

"Ay, marry have I," cried Rob, "and of Drake, the good mariner, who took great store of wealth from the Don Spaniards."

"Well, there be Drakes and Raleighs now on the main," said Captain Pierre; "there be bold mariners who go out in boats not bigger than our pinnace here, and with no arms save pistols and cutlasses; and the great galleons strike their flags when they see them, and the Dons fall on their marrow-bones, begging for quarter."

"By my troth!" exclaimed Robin Ball, warmed up by the Creole's words, "say you that such bold freebooters be there? Here is my hand, then, thrice, Captain Pierre. Let bygones be bygones, and go we speedily to the brave Spanish main!"

"Oh, we are not yet there," sighed the rover. "We must first reach the Havana!"

"But the pinnace will weather her way thither, Captain Pierre. Have you not promised us that?"

"Small fear have I of the pinnace," returned the Creole. "And that we shall reach the Havana, I doubt not; but what think ye, comrade, will be our luck among the Havana planters, save, indeed, we have gold wherewith to provide for our voyage to the main? Now, I have a thought; Robin Ball—"

The captain paused, apparently revolving some new idea in his mind, while the Englishman half rose from his pillow to listen.

"If we can manage to catch a few of these wild natives, and transport them safely to the Havana, the red hides would stand us some broad pistoles, Robin Ball."

The seaman's blue eyes opened widely.

"What say you, Captain Pierre—mean you to sell the Indians?"

"In good sooth I do. The heathen dogs—more especially if they be likely youth of fifteen years or thereabout—will

bring a good price with the planters—some fifty pistoles per head, or thereabouts, Robin Ball."

"And you will sell the flesh and blood of the poor people, captain?"

"For fifty pistoles per head—male and female, Robin!"

"Then may God's malison light on ye!" cried the Englishman, suddenly starting up, and confronting his astonished leader, who had deemed his crafty words were listened to with eager ears. "Am I a Turk, Captain Pierre, that ye propose this foul traffic to me? Out with ye, for a coward and a kidnapper!"

"Robin Ball, have a care!"

"Villain that ye are, and no brave mariner—I defy you, and if my life be spared till the morrow's sun, I take my leave of your company, come what may come."

Captain Pierre's small black eyes twinkled with malice, but he made no reply to the Englishman, who threw himself back upon his pillow, with a muttered malediction. After a pause, however, the Creole glided silently away from the spot where the conversation had been held, and proceeded noiselessly toward the pinnace, in whose bows watched two others of the crew.

CHAPTER VI.

TISQUONTAM AND MONOMA.

WHEN the dismal war-whoop of the savages rung upon the ears of Marie, and before her eyes stood the tall figure of a red-man, his features grim with paint, his wild eyes gleaming in the light of torches, and a deadly weapon upraised in his hand, it was no wonder that the senses of the maiden forsook her, or that all consciousness of what afterward took place was lost to her vision. The dreadful attack, the struggle, the capture of her brother and the Abbe Claude, were mercifully concealed from the apprehension of the young girl, and when she awoke to observation once more, the scene and all its terrors had vanished.

Marie was no longer on the mountain's summit, no longer companioned by her beloved Louis and the priest, but, instead, she felt herself compressed by the strong arms of a plumed Indian, who bore her rapidly through the dense forest, descending the declivities with the agility of a deer, and treading the greensward with a step springy and light, as if no burden encumbered his progress.

For some moments after awaking to a realization of the change which had taken place in her situation, Marie could with difficulty reflect—all her intellect appeared confused and chaotic. Strangeness and uncertainty seemed to encompass her as with a cloud. Gradually, however, her brain grew accustomed to the rapid motion with which she was borne forward, and her thoughts began to shape themselves.

Marie felt that she was unbound, and that no wound had reached her; moreover, that her captor was alone—no other footsteps following his own. He sustained her slight form very easily with one stalwart arm, while the other bore his bow and heavy war-club. Marie noted all this, and, at the

same time, became aware that her head was pillow'd upon the red-man's shoulder, her cheek pressed against his glowing neck. She started suddenly, and shrunk instinctively from the contact.

The Indian's coal-black eye, revealed in the moonlight, seemed to flash to the maiden's soul, as its quick glance was turned upon her, recognizing her awakening. But, save a short guttural expression, apparently of satisfaction, he gave no other token of intelligence, but bounded onward with the same elastic step. Thus onward through the forest and over grassy hills, resplendent in the moonbeams, and through dim gorges, cloven amid the rocks, until, at length, they reached the margin of a quietly-flowing river, whose banks were clothed with laurel, and sumach, and yellow-petaled lilies, waving in the soft night-breeze.

Here the red-man laid his living burden upon the sward, tenderly as a mother places her child to rest, and then, parting the bushes that grew by the water, disclosed a light canoe of birch-bark, which he drew to the bank. In the stern of this frail bark he first deposited his bow, arrows and war-club, and then, lifting once more the trembling form of his captive, disposed her gently in the bow of the vessel, balancing it the while so nicely, that even when his own heavy frame followed, and reached its place in the middle of the craft, no motion took place save a rapid gliding forth, straight as an arrow's flight, upon the river's bosom. Imperceptibly, as it were, the canoe seemed to strike the current, and, propelled by a light paddle which the red-man wielded, shot with great velocity down the moonlit tide.

Sad and painful were the images which poor Marie conjured to her fancy, as she reclined at her captor's feet in the canoe, and beheld the dim river-banks, evermore changing, as the birchen vessel glided swiftly past them.

Many hours, it seemed, elapsed ere the canoe was checked by a stroke of the Indian's powerful arm, and its prow directed to the shore. Here, with the same deliberation with which he had embarked, the savage drew the little bark ashore, and first taking from it his arms, lifted his captive to his stalwart shoulder, and bounded away into the dark forest with unrelaxed speed. Presently, however, he reached what

appeared the termination of the night's journey, and the eyes of Marie opened upon a novel and beautiful scene.

The place where her captor had halted was an interval or vale between two wooded hills, from each of which descended a small stream of water, at first gurgling musically over a pebbly bed, and then lapsing into a gentle and noiseless flow, between banks of soft grass fringed with lilies, and fragrant with wild honeysuckle and sweet fern. The two streams met, and, mingling with each other, parted again to glide on either side of a small, oval islet, and then flow afterward in a broader channel from the plain into the deep wood, where their course was lost evermore from view. But it was the little islet that most attracted the attention of Marie.

Upon it was a hut or wigwam, constructed after the rude Indian fashion, but not repulsive or naked-looking, like most of the aboriginal habitations. It was built between the massy trunks of two sycamore-trees, patriarchs of the forest, whose immense branches rose high above the roof which they sheltered. The top was arched, either by accident or design, and with the curved boughs above it, suggested somewhat of a civilized effect. Over roof-tree and sides, likewise, and around the door-posts, and on either wall, grew thick clambering flowers, honeysuckles, wild eglantine, and russet wood-bines. Altogether, the wigwam, or cottage it might be called, presented an appearance sufficiently remarkable and attractive to divert for a space the thoughts of Marie, so that she forgot the affliction of herself and friends in wonder at the beauty of the scene around her.

The Indian placed her upon a moss-covered stone, washed by the stream that purled beside it, and there leaving her for a moment, with a light bound he crossed the water and stood in front of the wigwam. A dog, barking loudly, immediately ran from the open door, and the next instant a woman glided out into the moonlight, and, darting forward, fell into the Indian's outstretched arms, her own hands clasping his bending neck. The dog, meantime, a creature of the small Indian breed, leaped to and fro, and sprung upon the savage, and then, running to the streamlet's edge, barked sharply at the strange figure which his quick eyes saw upon the opposite bank.

The maiden witnessed this apparently joyful meeting with emotions of sorrow and sympathy—sorrow as she thought of her own desolate state, and sympathy with the affection which was manifested in the actions of the wild beings before her. At the same time it seemed to her that the embraces which she beheld were a guaranty for her own future security—as if they assured a gentle treatment to even a captive and an enemy. And yet to whom was the delicate girl an enemy?—she whose infancy and childhood had been passed among associations the most peaceful and love-inspiring, whose childhood had been nurtured by the deep affection of an only brother, and spent in the seclusion of cloistered walls! True, the young girl had scarcely known a mother's love ere it was lost to her forever in this world; but well she remembered the beautiful face, with its sad smile, that often bent over her infant slumbers, and the sweet voice that was wont to soothe her with the dear name of "daughter." Another countenance she half recalled, that of a majestic man, with clear, brown eyes and noble forehead, whom her heart told her was her father, but who, alas, had known as little of his child as did his wife; for the enmity of a nobleman, powerful at court, had drawn upon the elder Luzerne the unjust anger of the king, and he had been torn from his wife and children, in the latter's earliest years, and expatriated to the then dreaded clime of America. His lady did not long survive him, but departed from her lonesome state of widowed love, and left her two babes to the care of a good man, her only counselor, the Abbe Claude—him who, to the last, had followed and watched over his precious charge. Such was Marie's brief history, and it flashed vividly through her mind even in that moment, during which her glance rested upon the Indian and his companion. She had little time for reflection ere the savage was once more at her side, lifting her in his arms preparatory to recrossing the streamlet. Meantime, the Indian woman had ignited a torch, and its bright light streamed through the woven branches of trees and strips of birch-bark which formed the sides of the hut, into which the white maiden was presently carried, and placed upon a couch of soft furs that occupied a corner. Here, in the light of the torch, she had opportunity to examine closely the appearance of the two, whose singular attentions began to inspire her with wonder, if not with fear.

The Indian, in whose arms she had been borne so many miles, was a man of heavy frame, broad-chested, and erect as a mountain-pine. His arms and breast were decorated with painted figures and ornaments, and rows of wampum-string hung about his neck, denoting that he was a chief of rank. Buskins of deer-skin defended his feet and legs, and a tunic of some fibrous material, stained with various colors, and sewn with wampum, depended from his waist, over which usually was worn the blanket with which he had covered Marie, and which he now held in his hand. The chieftain's forehead was broad and high, though disfigured by a streak of crimson paint, blotches of which likewise stained his cheeks. Above the forehead the head was bare, save where a tuft of black hair was gathered at the top of the skull, and bound with wampum, out of which rose a bunch of eagle's feathers. To the eyes of Marie, the chief appeared to be a man of forty years or more, though in his mien and eyes were apparent all the vigor and spirit of youth.

The Indian girl—for it was evident that scarcely sixteen summers had passed over the head of her who stood beside the chief, and whom the French maiden at once divined to be his daughter—was of slight but graceful figure, with regular features, dark, dreamy-looking eyes, and hair of intense blackness, hanging nearly to her feet. She was clothed in a light robe or tunic, woven of threads of bark, broidered with beads, and knit together by shiny rows of shell, while a mantle of delicate otter-skins was confined to one shoulder, hanging gracefully to her knees. Her small feet were covered by little moccasins of birch-bark, gayly spangled with shells and bits of glittering grass. She stood beside her father in an attitude of native grace, her form drawn up like his, and her arching neck thrown back with the air of a princess. Nevertheless, though proud in look and mien, the Indian girl's eyes were dwelling upon the pale-faced captive with an expression of tender commiseration, which at once assured Marie that in the Indian's child she had found a friend.

Perhaps, so thought the chieftain himself; for, as he followed the look of his daughter, it seemed as if his grim brow relaxed, and something akin to a smile lingered upon his lip. The red maiden caught his eye; the next moment she advanced

to the French girl, and, kneeling beside her, took her head tenderly between the palms of her hands, and imprinted a kiss upon her forehead. Marie's heart grew full in a moment. She forgot that her companion was a strange maid, that she was a heathen and of a savage race. She only felt that warm kiss upon her forehead, and saw two tender eyes gazing into her own with a look of sympathy which won her confidence. Marie sobbed aloud, and, throwing herself upon the neck of the Indian girl, burst into a flood of tears.

The stoical red chieftain raised his hand to his forehead, brushing it hastily across his eyes. Then, striding to the door, he stooped his plumed head, and stood forth beneath the moonlight.

"Ugh!" ejaculated the Indian, as his dark eyes cast a backward glance upon the two maidens; "Ugh! the warrior feel woman his heart!"

And he struck his broad breast heavily with his hand, as if to recall his manhood.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RATTLESNAKE.

IT was early day when the Abbe Claude awoke from a lethargy into which, together with his young fellow-prisoner, he had fallen during the war-dance of the savages, on their return to their village. It was with great difficulty that he could recall to memory the incidents of the preceding night. A recollection of some frightful scene, indeed, was dimly present to his mind, but it was rather like the vagueness of a half-remembered dream than the reminiscences of a fearful reality. Gradually, however, as his eyes became accustomed to the place in which he found himself, so the shadowy events of the Indian feast grew vivid to his mind's vision. Again he listened to monotonous war-chants, sudden yells, horrid laughter—again he heard the sharp whiz of a hatchet through the air, and its dull stroke into the wood beside his cheek.

The Abbe strained his gaze until it was able to discern something of the place in which he was. His limbs were still bound, though not with that benumbing tightness which had cramped them during his weary march to the Indian village. He could slightly move his hand, and distinguish, beneath its touch, the soft wolf-skin on which he lay. He soon ascertained, from the noise of regular breathing around him, that there were other persons near, evidently wrapped in profound slumber, and he therefore concluded that he was confined in one of the wigwams or lodges of the red-men, in the midst of guards, as was customary with the Indians to bestow their prisoners. But the uppermost thought of the good Abbe concerned less himself than his friend and charge, Louis. Anxious to discover if the young man was in his neighborhood, he raised himself cautiously, as far as his thongs would permit, and cast a scrutinizing glance about him.

A swart savage, holding in his sleeping grasp a huge war-club, lay close beside the priest, while a dozen more, all apparently slumbering soundly, were dispersed over the wigwam floor; but the Abbe's gaze fell first upon the form of Louis, encompassed by the brawny arms of a Herculean Indian. He breathed a silent prayer of gratitude, as he saw that his youthful friend was sleeping as quietly on the broad breast of his guard as if suffering and captivity were things unknown to his experience.

Upon a log, at the wigwam-entrance, reclined a gigantic warrior, with his weapon—a knotted, jagged, but beautifully polished maple club—grasped in his sinewy fingers. As the increasing light, falling between the branches of a forest-free above, played over the red-man's features, the prisoner was struck at once with their solemn and devout expression. The copper brow seemed gilded with the morning beams, and a strange seriousness, as of awed thoughts, invested the savage face with a quiet grandeur which drew the admiration of the priest.

"Perhaps the Indian prays! and doubtless his prayers—even his untutored prayers—are accepted of the Lord!"

Again Abbe Claude turned his head toward the spot where Louis slept in the arms of his guard; but a thrill of deadly terror crept through his frame; he gasped for breath as his glance rested on the young man. Erect, at the very head of young Luzerne, its scaly body glistening in the dull morning light, the priest beheld the wriggling folds of a large serpent. Its malignant eyes, like sparks of fire, twinkled close to the captive's cheek, and its forked tongue played around his forehead.

The lodge was silent, save the measured breathing of the unconscious savages. The priest alone, palsied with unutterable horror, beheld the writhing snake. A moment the venomous reptile stretched its length beside the captive; then it reared itself, with crested head, once more, and threw back its fanged mouth, as if to strike its victim. He vented his stifled feelings in a cry of terror.

Immediately, and indeed before the Abbe's cry had ceased, the sleeping Indians were upon their feet, clutching their weapons, while a succession of short yells rung alarm

through all the village. The reclining warrior, at the lodge-door, sprung up, brandishing his club, and a crowd of braves and screeching squaws poured into the wigwam. They beheld Father Claude half rising from the ground to which he was fastened by wooden stakes driven through his thongs, and pointing with outstretched arm toward his fellow-captive, who lay gasping upon the earth. The serpent, gliding to a corner of the hut, reared its crest again. It was but the work of a moment, however, for a stout brave to hurl his club at the angry reptile. It fell, crushed and dying, upon the ground, and the Indian's moccasined foot bruised its head.

A gentle-featured Indian woman ran from among the squaws, and, kneeling beside the young captive, lifted his drooping forehead from the mat on which he had fallen from the arms of his guard. Louis struggled for breath, as though overcome with pain or fright, and the woman, baring his arm, disclosed upon the shoulder a few drops of blood. The snake had struck its victim surely, and its poison was in the wound. This sad fact was attested to the senses of Abbe Claude by the sudden guttural exclamation that ran from one to another of the savage spectators. The priest strove to crawl toward his friend, but the strong hand of one of his guards restrained him, and a short "ugh!" imposed silence.

It became evident at once to the Abbe that his fellow-prisoner was not to be left without immediate aid. The squaw who had raised the youth, and discovered the hurt, now tore away the covering of the captive's neck, and, stooping beside him, applied her lips to the venomous bite inflicted by the rattlesnake's fangs. At the same time an old savage, who stood by, plucked some grass that grew near the lodge-door, and, placing it in his mouth, began slowly to chew, while the woman sucked at the youth's arm. Abbe Claude gazed wonderingly at the coolness and silence of the Indians, for, since the serpent had been struck down, not a word had fallen from any of the party, save the guttural "ugh!" of the guards.

For a few minutes the wild group remained in a circle, and the Abbe intently watched the squaw, as she knelt beside his youthful countryman, her lips glued, as it were, to his wound. At length, withdrawing her mouth, the woman turned toward the old savage who had been chewing the weeds, and, receiving

from him the masticated pulp, placed it upon the shoulder of Louis, covering the inflamed spot where the snake's teeth had entered. Then, winding thin slivers of ash about the arm, and binding a bandage of bark tightly over all, the squaw concluded her rude surgery; after which, obedient to some directions which she gave, two Indians, lifting the wounded captive, bore him in their arms from the large wigwam.

Abbe Claude essayed once more to rise, but the savage nearest him touched his tomahawk significantly, and motioned him to lie quiet. Then the guard took his seat beside the lodge-entrance, and the other warriors, together with the squaws, retired silently from the hut.

Morning wore on, and the many sounds peculiar to an Indian village began to be heard. Dogs passed the lodge with a short, quick bark; fowls screamed; the noise of stones with which the squaws were grinding their corn mingled with the sound of wooden drums and conch-shells, making a not unpleasing dissonance to the ear. The guard at the wigwam-entrance leisurely filled his stone-pipe, and presently a powerful odor of the tobacco-weed filled the lodge. Insensibly, the Abbe sunk into a feverish sleep.

When he awoke, it was near midday, and another savage smoked at the hut-door. The new guard offered his prisoner food, of which the priest ate ravenously; for long abstinence, and the exhausting excitement that preceded his sleep, had made him like a child in weakness. The savage jailor smiled grimly as he beheld the old man devour the savory succotash, and then, unbinding his thongs, he motioned him to rise. Abbe Claude obeyed with difficulty, for the withes had cramped his limbs while he slept; but, summoning all his strength, he followed the stately form of his Indian conductor out of the wigwam, and through the monotonous bustle of an aboriginal town.

A singular scene was presented to the European's eyes. Stalwart savages lay dispersed in various attitudes, in front of their huts, or upon the green carpet of soft grass, lazily recumbent, and surveying each other in dreamy indolence, while groups of old men, youths and squaws were scattered here and there, eagerly listening to young braves, recounting tales of their maiden achievements in the late expedition. Square

ovens of stone were smoking near some of the lodges, at which squaws were preparing food; and steaming haunches of wild deer, and huge joints of moose-meat, hung from the boughs of trees, attesting the great success of the hunters who occupied the wigwams nearest to them. Lean, stunted dogs were running to and fro, sporting with the naked papooses who rolled on the grass, or, strapped to boards, were placed upright against the gnarled foot of oak trees; and bands of urchins, with tiny bows and blunted arrows, were performing mimic battles, or hurling light tomahawks at targets with wonderful dexterity and precision.

The Abbe's guide strode toward a spot of elevated ground, where a group of young men and women were dancing and singing, recalling to the captive's memory the scene of the preceding night. A monotonous chant sounded from their midst, and, high above their heads, they tossed weapons and hoops wreathed with evergreen, yelling and leaping, the while, in confused chorus. Father Claude shuddered, for he remembered now too well the horror of the war-dance, and a fearful thought darted through his brain that perhaps himself and companion were to be sacrificed in some heathen rite. He recovered his calmness in a moment.

"The good God seeth us, and we are in His almighty hands, to dispose of as He willeth," were his thoughts.

The Indian stalked onward, and the Abbe soon found himself in the midst of the wild throng of dancers. But his hopes revived, and a prayer of confidence rose to his lips, as he marked the scene which now unfolded itself.

A group of young men and maidens were swaying to and fro in the *moyements* of their singular dance, circling a green bank with measured steps, while they sung in rude cadences, and waved aloft green branches and garlands of wild flowers. Seated upon the bank, as on a rural throne, sat the gentle-featured squaw who had sucked the poison from the wound of Louis; and the young captive's head now reposed quietly upon her bosom, while green leaves and blossoms were strewn thickly around them by the group of mirthful dancers.

Abbe Claude, familiar with the customs of savage tribes, recognized at once the ceremony by which a prisoner was adopted into an aboriginal community. He saw that the

Indian woman had chosen the young stranger as her son, having probably lost some youthful brave who had before called her mother. The life of the pale-face was henceforth safe, and the youths and maids were now celebrating the adoption which had secured the captive from sacrifice.

Louis raised his head, as he beheld his reverend friend, and feebly offered his hand. Father Claude knelt upon the sward, and murmured :

"Thank the good God, my son, you are saved! For me it matters not! I am but a withered branch!"

CHAPTER VIII.

GABRIEL ST. ELMO.

GABRIEL St. ELMO was a youth of scarcely eighteen summers, but of a vigorous frame, and, animated by a daring and adventurous spirit, had determined to seek his fortunes in that distant clime to which thousands of adventurers were flocking, and which promised to their ardent imaginations a realization of all the dreams that Eastern romance had pictured in the remote countries of the furthest Ind.

Gabriel had not perished, as was thought by the captive survivors of the vessel's living freight. At the terrible crisis when, amid the roar of breakers, he had felt the light skiff dashed upon sharp rocks, and despairingly released his hold of her, he gave himself up for lost. But Providence had not designed that he should share the fate of his companions. He found himself whirled into deep water, where he came in contact with one of the ship's spars, which he grasped with a desperate clutch.

Awful was the spectacle revealed to his gaze during the brief seconds that he drifted in sight of the wreck! A prolonged shriek, as of mortal agony and fear, rose around him from the voices of drowning men, women and children; but, above this shriek his sharpened senses could distinguish the triumphal yell of the savages on shore, exulting over their

anticipated victims. A flash of lightning occasionally disclosed to his horror-stricken eyes the features of some dying wretch, sinking for the last time beneath the surge, or the mangled corpse of one beaten to death upon the reef. But these lamentable sights speedily vanished, for the waves, careering like wild steeds, whirled the spar to which the youth clung, far away, dashing it hither and thither until, at last, one end rested upon a shelving sand-bank, where it remained fast. St. Elmo crawled landward, till he reached the hard shore. He ascended the bank, and, feeling secure from the ocean, fell exhausted on the wet grass.

When he awoke, the sun was flooding all the sea with radiance, and he discovered that the place where he had been cast was a small island, at a distance but still within view of the headlands and line of reefs on which the ship had stranded. Far away eastward extended the ocean, far as his vision could scan, and landward only immense forests were to be seen. He looked in vain for any portion of the wreck upon the point where it had broken up. Not a fragment was visible, save the spar on which he had himself escaped.

It was not long, however, before St. Elmo, from his sheltered position on the island, could discern signs of life upon the opposite shore. Smoke curled above the tree-tops, and presently the figures of Indians could be descried, going back and forth from the woods to the sandy beach. The savages were at too great a distance for their voices to be audible, but the young Frenchman knew very well that they were occupied in collecting from the shore whatever articles belonging to the ship had been cast there by the waves. Occasionally a group of the natives would clasp hands and dance about in a circle, as if rejoicing over some new prize, and then they would disperse, or disappear in the woods. St. Elmo did not venture beyond the covert of woods which grew nearly to the island shore, lest the vision of the savages, keen as his own, might spy out a new victim for their cruelty.

At last, however, the youth began to realize very sensibly the important fact that he had tasted no food since the previous noon. He penetrated the woody recesses of the island, searching eagerly for berries or fruit, but the place appeared barren as a desert. He ascertained, however, to his

satisfaction, that the island was totally uninhabited, and had apparently never been entered before by a human being. Many birds hopped in the branches over his head, and some flew so near that he might have struck them with a stick; but St. Elmo contented himself with devouring a few eggs of which he rifled a nest, and a root or two of palatable flavor which he digged from the earth. Somewhat satisfied with this scanty provender, he returned to the beach in time to behold, with astonishment, a fleet of canoes, containing hundreds of Indians, crossing the water that intervened between the island and the mainland.

St. Elmo's first impression was that his retreat had been discovered, and that the savages were in pursuit of him. For a few moments he gave himself up to despondency, for he had neither weapon of defense—if, indeed, defense were available against so formidable a host—nor any mode of escaping from the insulated patch of woods, in which concealment would be impossible. But a little reflection assured the young man that the Indians could have no suspicion of his presence in this place, and that, even should they discover the spar, he might himself remain hidden in the intricate thickets of the island-wilderness. One apprehension, indeed, troubled him—that the savages might tow away the spar, in which case he would be left without any means of leaving the isle; but even this reflection was succeeded by the thought, as his quick eye measured the distance to the other shore, that in the last extremity, he could reach the mainland by swimming. He watched the fleet of canoes as they advanced, resolved, should they discover the spar, and be tempted to land, that he would make at once for the center of the island to await whatever fate might be in store for him.

But, as it soon became evident, he had little cause for disquiet. Following the leading canoe in which sat a plumed Indian grasping a great club, the rest turned to the left, and passed the island in an extended line, shaping a course for another promontory far to the southernmost point of the coast. He saw in every canoe, as it passed, that one or more of the savage occupants held aloft a hooped pole, on which dangled human scalps, the long curls of women, the short locks of men, and the flowing ringlets of children, all ensan-

guined with blood—ghastly trophies of savage triumph. Sick at heart, he turned away, till the last canoe had disappeared, and then, sitting down upon the shore, he buried his face in his hands, and wept long and bitterly.

At length, rising from his despondent attitude, he saw that the sun had nearly reached its meridian, and was pouring its burning rays upon the heated sands.

"Why should I remain here?" he soliloquized. "This island affords no means of sustaining life, and one may as well be eaten by savages as to have nothing to eat himself. By my faith! I think I will make at once for the other shore, which the red villains have left. At any rate, there is no good to be gained by passing a night more or less with nothing to fill the stomach—as is very plain will be the case—on this desolate island. So, my good piece of a ship, I will e'en take command o' thee once more."

In good time, the young man drew his good spar safely to the mainland, and then kneeled down, as of right he should, and thanked the kind Providence which had thus far protected him. This done, he looked about his new locality, not alone for wherewithal to eat, but for a resting-place through the night—as his voyage from the island had consumed the greater part of the day, and the sun was now entirely sunk behind the forest-trees.

At the first dawn, the young man sprung from his couch of leaves, and, traversing the beach behind the dreadful reef and the rough headland where the ship had met her doom, reached that portion of the shore where, on the night of the catastrophe, the savages had kindled their war-fires and danced in ferocious expectation of their enemies' destruction. Here, what horrors were awaiting his sight! The bodies of his late shipmates, and companions among the emigrants, were lying cold and rigid in the gray dawning, their naked flesh mangled by the rocks or the weapons of savages, their scalpless heads half-buried in the sands. All had been massacred who escaped alive from the wreck—strong men and feeble women and babes had all fallen beneath the rancor of savage torture. Gabriel St. Elmo looked but a moment upon the fearful scene; he hurried away sickened from the spot.

Various traces of the wrecked ship met the youth's eyes as

he wandered along the beach ; fragments of her heavy timbers, spars and clumps of cordage strewed the sands ; and St. Elmo knew that much of her cargo and armament must have been cast ashore and fallen into the hands of the savages. He discovered a stout steel-headed pike, such as were used in hand-to-hand sea-combats, and, wading into the surf, he hastily possessed himself of the weapon. He judged it well, however, not to remain long in the vicinity of the wreck, as the quantity of articles belonging to the ship—bolts of iron, casks, and heavy chains and ropes, that had been washed up by the waves—constituted a store of treasures for Indian cupidity, which the youth doubted not would speedily induce another visit from the savages.

Casting a last look at the ocean, he struck into the forest, turning his back to the rising sun, and directing his course westward, toward the region where, as he had been told, was a new settlement of Hollanders at the mouth of the great river of Hudson.

Where, indeed, the Hudson itself lay was a problem not soluble by the young Frenchman's geographical attainments ; indeed, the wisest minds of his time might have been puzzled to describe its surroundings, inasmuch as but few mariners had ever penetrated beyond its mouth ; but St. Elmo had left his native land for adventure's sake, as well as to seek his fortune, and it was enough for him to be satisfied that the Dutch colony was near the Hudson, and that the Hudson lay to the west from the Cape of Cod, to present to his hopes the certainty of ultimately reaching it. What to him, the youth with a brave heart and strong limbs, whether he traversed a wilderness of America or the forests of his own France ? In his hand was a good weapon, for boar, or wolf, or savage man, and he doubted not that store of food could be found on his journey. Therefore, he went sturdily forward.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CREOLE'S TREACHERY.

ROBIN BALL followed with his eyes the retreating form of Captain Pierre, until the latter had disappeared, and then, uttering an oath instead of a prayer, the rough seaman flung his arm beneath his head, and rolled over to an unquiet slumber, wherein dreams of shipwrecks, combats, quarrels, and perhaps darker experiences of his past life, mingled their dim shades with threatening visions of the future.

Captain Pierre, after reaching the boat, in which watched a couple of the crew, conversed with the two men for some time, with quite as much earnestness, apparently, as had marked his previous colloquy with Rob Ball. He then left the boat, and, moving noiselessly among the slumbering men, awakened two others from their drowsiness, and with these held another conversation. Altogether, it seemed that Captain Pierre was in no mood for sleep.

In truth, however, the Creole had another object in view than to keep awake or hear the sound of his own tongue. He had resolved on a little piece of villainy, and required assistance in its perpetration. For this purpose he had prepared the two men in the boat, and their comrades whom he had awakened—all four staunch followers of their captain, and ready at any time to do his bidding—to await his signal for the commencement of the business in hand.

This business related most immediately to the dreaming sailor, Robin Ball, who, all unconscious of any plot against his person, lay tossing his arms about in broken slumber. The obstinate refusal of Robin to enter into Captain Pierre's plans regarding a speculation in red flesh, had not a little interfered with the latter's usual equanimity; and, foreseeing that the Englishman's influence with a portion of the boat's crew might go far to balk his own intentions, he came to the

conclusion that there was no other course left for him but to destroy that influence as speedily as possible. The most certain method of effecting this was to destroy, or render powerless, Ball himself.

He devised a mode of ridding himself of the obnoxious seaman, which would be quite as efficacious as downright murder. This was, to seize him in his sleep, and, after muffling and binding him, so that he could make neither alarm nor resistance, to convey him quietly to the interior of the forest, and there leave him helpless, a prey to wild beasts, savages, or the slow tortures of starvation.

This was a refinement of cruelty quite worthy of Captain Pierre, and he chuckled not a little over the anticipation of so easily disposing of his enemy. Captain Pierre silently motioned his followers to proceed to their work; and before Robin Ball's fevered dreams were broken, the treacherous fellows had gagged his mouth, casting over his head a thick sailor's jacket, completely precluding speech or vision, while they quickly bound hand and foot the poor sailor, and dragged him noiselessly away from the bank, through the covert of the brush, into the recesses of the forest. The job was executed with such dispatch, and was, withal, so entirely successful, that Captain Pierre was surprised as well as delighted. Not a struggle of Robin Ball revealed his peril to any of his neighbors, who slumbered soundly, without a suspicion of what was transpiring so near them. The Creole rubbed his hands with satisfaction, as he beheld his dextrous accomplices returning stealthily to the boat, where he had remained.

"You have disposed of him, my brave fellows?" he whispered, eagerly, as the villains neared him.

"He'll trouble us no more, I warrant," answered one of the men—a short, low-browed Spaniard. "By St. Dominic, captain, the good Robin was as quiet as a babe. Never before lay he so peaceably."

"He is secure, think you, and will not be able to free himself?"

"Not if he were ten times as strong, the good bull-dog! We bound him to a tree with the ropes, captain; and, by the mass, there will he stay till judgment day, or I'm no sinner."

The ruffian gave vent to a chuckling laugh, as he uttered this speech, but Captain Pierre put his hand to his mouth.

"Be silent, friend, for Robin Ball has his lovers among our crew. And now, I'll e'en take his place, for an hour's nap. worthy Lopez," added he, to the Spaniard. "Keep you watch, and let the night's work be as secret as the grave. Surely, I'll remember this brave service, comrades."

No rest visited Captain Pierre, for his midnight wickedness had failed to give his apprehensions ease. He reflected that, though Robin Ball was out of the camping-place, and exposed to perish in a lonely and desolate situation, still, the tough sailor might extricate himself by some means, and pursue the boat, in which case the treachery would be exposed, and an unpleasant settlement demanded by Robin's friends. Revolving such thoughts in his busy brain, he resolved, at length, to make sure, if possible, of his enemy's harmlessness in the future; and so, cautiously leaving his couch, he stole back to the boat, and whispered a word to the Spaniard, Lopez, who thereupon roused himself again, and, without alarming his comrades, led the way out of the camp, penetrating the bushes through which Robin Ball had been so quietly conveyed. The Creole followed, amid the lonesome shadows of the forest, until they reached a wild nook, near where a rapid stream dashed from a great chasm in a wall of rocks. On the edge of this chasm grew a large buttonwood tree, and to this poor Ball had been securely fastened. His person was completely hid from view by underbrush that sprouted from the rocks. Thus he was left to all the horrors of a lingering death. The spot was but a few hundred rods from the shore where the boat was drawn up, but it was, nevertheless, so hidden by rocks, and concealed with tangled evergreen, that no better tomb could have been selected in which to immure a living man. Captain Pierre seemed to think so, as he looked at the pinioned body of his late follower, for he gave a grunt of satisfaction, and advanced toward the buttonwood.

"Ho! Robin Ball! we are quits now, I fancy. You will keep a civil tongue in your head for the future, good friend."

Robin Ball's sinewy frame swelled as if it would burst the strong cords which fastened him to the tree, while a stifled groan came from his gagged mouth, which was covered with his own jacket, tied tightly about his head.

"By St. Dominic! it is, after all, no Christian thing to

leave the poor devil thus," muttered the Spaniard, but the Creole only laughed, sneeringly.

"He will do well enough, Lopez. Nevertheless, I harbor no malice, and would give him *quietus* with my dagger's point, had I not a horror of bloodshed."

"It were better to kill outright than to leave to wild beasts or famine," suggested the Spaniard.

"Say you so, comrade? Beshrew me, then, but your poniard may as well end the poor fellow's troubles!" said Captain Pierre, shrugging his shoulders. "Strike sure, Lopez, and wipe off old scores for yourself and me, an' it like you."

The Creole said this with a savage smile on his dark lips, and his vindictive glance on his accomplice with the cold glitter of a serpent's eye. But the words had scarcely been uttered when a rustle was heard near them. Suddenly the pinioned form of Robin Ball sprung from the tree, and fell full against the body of the captain. With a shrill whoop, a wild looking figure bounded from behind the buttonwood, to level the gleaming point of a spear against Captain Pierre's bosom.

The Spaniard, Lopez, with a shriek, rushed toward the camp, fully impressed with the belief that a legion of savages was in pursuit of him. The Creole likewise fled, crying at the top of his voice—

"Indians! Indians!"

Robin Ball, the while, lay upon the ground, where he had pitched headlong, for, though released from the tree, his hands were still fastened behind his back, his mouth gagged, and his head muffled.

The sleeping boat's crew, aroused suddenly by the shrieks of Lopez, sprung at once for the pinnace, which they cast off immediately, paddling off, at a hundred yards' distance from the shore, upon which they momentarily expected a thousand savages, threatening pursuit and destruction of their small vessel. But all remained in silence.

Captain Pierre and Lopez looked at one another, wondering what mysterious power it was that had interposed to shield their victim.

"It is the cunning of the red demons!" at length cried the Creole. "They think to allure us back to shore by keeping quiet. Row, men, and let us be clear of the dogs."

"Saw you Indians, surely?" cried a sailor, as he bent to the oar.

"By the bones of St. Dominic, a legion!" cried Lopez, in response. "Did not the lance of a red villain scathe our captain here?"—and the Spaniard appealed to Captain Pierre to confirm his declaration.

"That the heathen's lance was at my heart, I am ready to be sworn," answered the Creole; "but no harm came, for my heels were nimble as your own, good Lopez."

"Ho!" cried one of the crew, "where is Rob Ball?"

"Rob Ball!" "Where is bold Robin?" echoed from one to another of the men, their bronze faces betraying surprise, as they leaned upon their oars.

"Let us go back," cried the Creole, with well counterfeited sympathy. "But, alas!" he added, "what boots our array against a forest full of foes?"

"Ay, what, indeed?" cried Lopez, coming to the relief of his leader; "lucky for us that our throats were not all cut as we slept, comrades." Moodily looking at one another, the oarsmen resumed their task, and urged the pinnace into the middle of the bay.

Meantime, after falling heavily at the foot of the tree to which he had been tied, Robin began presently to feel a pair of hands at work in the effort to release him from his bonds; and it was not long before his eyes were once more permitted to look upon the moonlight, and his tongue, long gagged and choked, was able to shape itself utterance.

"Mass! but it was a scurvy trick!" at length muttered the seaman, as he looked about him wonderingly. "Where ran the villains?—the kidnapping Pierre, and his dog Spaniard? And who are you, my fine fellow, and what do you here?"

These rapid interrogations were addressed to an individual who stood at a little distance from the Englishman, leaning on a spear.

"I am what I am, Robin Ball."

The Englishman started back in amazement at hearing his own name pronounced.

"Are you a Christian man or a savage Indian, or Sathanas himself?" ejaculated he.

"Rob Ball! where's your manners to forget an old friend?" exclaimed the other.

"Gabriel St. Elmo!"

"At your service, Robin Ball," answered the youth, gayly, as he shook the hand of his English friend. "And ye may well thank Heaven that Gabriel St. Elmo was near you to-night, for small chance of life had ye, good comrade."

"Faith, an' ye work to such good purpose, my young friend, I'll not quarrel with your likings."

St. Elmo proceeded to acquaint Robin Ball with the manner in which he had effected his release; how, after journeying all day through the forest, he had made his couch for the night near the streamlet that gushed by the buttonwood, and had there been aroused by the approach of three of the late ship's crew, dragging the pinioned figure of a fourth, whom they fastened to a tree, and then left; how he had waited anxiously for a long while, fearful to discover himself to the deserted man, until at length Captain Pierre and Lopez presented themselves; and how, hearing the Creole's proposition to murder the defenseless sailor, he crept nearer to the buttonwood, and, with his sharp pike, severed the cords which confined Robin Ball to the tree, at the same time springing boldly upon the captain with a yell like the whoop of a savage.

Robin Ball listened to his young preserver's recital, and warmly grasped his hand in gratitude, while he vented his rage against the treacherous leader.

"And now," he cried, "stand by me, Monsieur St. Elmo, and if we turn not the tables on this caitiff, my name's not Robin Ball. Come away, and ye shall see me unmask the villain, and, if he refuse me fair combat like a brave man, by the mass, but ye shall see his foul throat black under my fingers! Come away, my young friend, and remember that ye have gained Robin Ball's good will, as long as he has life to show it."

The sailor led the way in the direction in which he judged the men to be. In a few moments the two stood upon the bank where lately the boat was drawn up. No boat was there now, and no trace of the ship's crew. But, as Robin directed his gaze across the water, he could see, far away, a dark object upon the surface, and catch a plash like that of oars. The Creole had escaped, and Robin Ball was abandoned.

CHAPTER X.

TISQUONTAM A PRISONER.

TISQUONTAM, the Sachem of Mannamoset, who dwelt, with his daughter Monoma, in the little wigwam to which Marie had been conveyed, was a warrior whose youth had been one of strange adventure, and whose future life was destined to yet greater vicissitudes. He was not one of the native chiefs of the Massachusetts, for his cradle had been swung in the sound of Niagara's booming waters, and his childhood nurtured among the Thousand Isles of the great river of Canada, where now the children of France had planted their lodges. There he had dwelt till the blood of manhood coursed through his veins; there he had hunted the otter and sable; there pursued the salmon as it leaped from rapid to rapid of the swift river. And there, too, among the first band of pale-faced strangers who pitched their tents on the hunting-grounds of his nation, he had beheld a dark-eyed daughter of the white race, a maiden of France, who had come with her parents to the wilderness of America, in the freshness of her youth and beauty. Tisquontam saw and loved the gentle French girl, and Blanchette returned the passion of her wild admirer; for he was graceful in form and noble of soul, and might have found favor in the eyes of many a princess of his own race. Brief had been their courtship, but their affection was sincere, and Blanchette hesitated not to exchange vows with him. But, alas! the Iroquois tribe, to whom the young brave belonged, did not share in the friendliness of Tisquontam to the white strangers who had come among them. Rising suddenly, they attacked the small settlement of French, and massacred every family. Only one could Tisquontam save, of all the hapless emigrants—and to do this, he was obliged to fight his own tribe. He defended the parents of his beloved until they fell beneath the arrows of his Iroquois

kindred, and then fled with his rescued wife into the great wilderness toward the Mohawk. Many moons did the two lovers wander through the forests, pursued by the vengeful Iroquois, who were furious against Tisquantam for the part he had taken toward them; but the Great Spirit protected his children's flight, till at length they reached the shores of the mighty ocean. Here Tisquantam made his lodge by the river of Mannamoset, near where, afterward, the pale-faces were to build their first lodges in New England; and here, with his fair Christian wife, the savage dwelt, till it pleased the Great Spirit to bless his eyes with a beautiful child, the pledge of their happy union. Tisquantam was happy in his exile, roaming the forest to hunt for his beloved, storing their wig-wam with the sports of the chase—skins of a hundred beasts, and plumes from a thousand birds. Blanchette did not regret her destiny, for she swayed the noble heart of her husband, and taught his lips to pray to the Christian's God in her own native tongue. But the Great Spirit at length summoned her to rejoin her parents, and Tisquantam was left in his lodge, with only the young child to comfort him.

Bitterly did the red hunter mourn the loss of his wife, and long and often did he weep at the flower-covered mound which marked her resting-place; but the infant prattle of his motherless Monoma recalled him to the duties of life. Again, therefore, he took bow and spear, and roamed the forests, to hunt for his child, as he had once hunted for Blanchette.

Monoma grew up gentle and lovely as a wildwood flower, and Tisquantam rejoiced to minister to her every wish. For her he built the islet lodge; shaped a light canoe; searched out a thousand flowers in the valleys and on the hills; for her he gathered shells by the shore, mosses on the mountain, and rare plants in the deep forests. Monoma was to Tisquantam the angel of his life—the angel whom the Great Spirit had given him for his lost Blanchette.

Meantime the bravery and skill of the Iroquois hunter had won him the esteem of the ocean tribes, on whose borders he dwelt—the Narragansetts, the Pequods, and the Mohegans; and he would have been gladly received as a warrior among either; but Tisquantam chose to dwell at Mannamoset, which was between the country of the Narragansetts and Pequods,

for there was buried his Blanchette, and there he, himself, wished to lie down when the voice of Manitou should summon him. Tisquantam was known by the tribes as the Lone Sachem of Mannamoset, and they decreed that he should possess the land he had chosen; while, in return, the Iroquois warrior assisted them in their hunts, and oftentimes defended their villages against the incursions of hostile nations. He thus became of influence in the councils of the ocean-tribes, and respected by their wise men and braves.

When news came to Tisquantam, as he sat with Monoma in their islet-wigwam, that a ship of the strangers was stranded upon the rocky coast, he straightway grasped his arms and departed to meet the victorious Narragansetts, not to join in their atrocious exploit, but to save, if possible, some victim from their cruelties. But, when he reached the shore, the massacre had been finished, and he saw only the scalps of the emigrants dangling from their lances. He, however, accompanied the Narragansetts in their triumphal journey homeward, and with them discovered the path of Louis and his companions, pursuing the trail to the mountain Wachusett. Here, unable to gain more from the good will of his savage allies, he had demanded a captive in return for services previously performed, and to his great joy had been allowed to choose the young girl Marie. Thus was the maiden saved from Narragansett captivity, and borne to the lodge of Tisquantam, to be the companion of his gentle Monoma. Glad would have been the heart of Louis could he have divined the fate of his sister.

When Marie felt the warm kiss of Monoma upon her lips, she heard the accents of her native France murmured by the Indian girl. At once the two orphans could commune with each other, and as they lay folded that night in the embrace of sisters, Marie learned a new revelation of innocence—the innocence of a maiden, born and nurtured in the solitude of an aboriginal forest, with no voice to speak to her but that of fatherly affection, and no unhallowed influence to disturb the deep religion that she daily learned from the solemn teachings of nature—the litanies of waving woods and rolling streams—the sermons of sun and stars and changing seasons.

Next morning, Marie awoke to find the tender eyes of

Monoma watching her, while Tisquantam stood at the wig-wam-door, arrayed for the chase. The Iroquois smiled as the French girl's half-frightened gaze encountered his own, and he reached out his hand with an action at once graceful and encouraging. Marie rose from her soft couch, and advanced toward him.

"Has the white bird slept well in the tent of the Iroquois? Behold! the nestling of Tisquantam's lodge has pale blood in her veins. The white bird has naught to fear."

This was spoken in broken French, and the Indian's manner at once banished all apprehension from the mind of Marie.

"I do not fear my red father!" she said, placing her hand in that of the chief.

The hunter looked pleased at her frank demeanor, while Monoma stole softly to the side of her new friend, and wound an arm around her neck. The two maidens were very lovely, as they thus stood together, and Tisquantam's eye grew moist as he looked at them. But, presently, Marie's fair brow became clouded, and she sunk suddenly at the red-man's feet, clasping her hands as a suppliant.

"Oh!" she cried, "where is my brother—my beloved Louis? Where is Abbe Claude?"

"Oh! chief," she continued, "you have saved me—you are noble and good! Save my brother!—oh! if he be not already murdered by the cruel—" Marie could utter no more, her sobs stifled her voice. Monoma's tears mingled with hers. Tisquantam was deeply affected.

"Was it the white bird's brother?—the youth whom the Narragansetts have borne to their village?—and the old chief the medicine-man—"

"Abbe Claude—the good father—alas!" murmured Marie, with a flood of tears.

"Tisquantam will seek the trail of the captives!" exclaimed the Iroquois, as if he had taken a sudden resolution. "He will bring the white bird tidings of her brother and of the aged father. Let the white bird be happy; Monoma will sing for her a song of the pale-faces. Tisquantam will return ere the sun falls upon yonder bank."

Marie's eloquent face expressed her gratitude to the good Indian. She took hastily from her bosom a small gold cross,

on which a talisman was engraved, and extended it to Tisquantam.

"Here!" she murmured. "It is a cross which my brother will recognize, and know that it is from Marie. It was the last gift of our mother who is dead."

The Indian comprehended her meaning, and then, pointing to the mossy river-bank opposite the wigwam, where the last rays of the sun were wont to tremble ere they were withdrawn in the west, repeated his promise to return at the hour indicated, then turned and took his departure through the forest-aisles, while Monoma tenderly dried the eyes of her friend, and led her forth from the lodge to the flowery banks of the islet-stream, where presently they were twined in each other's arms, exchanging their guileless confidences.

Tisquantam had traversed the league or two of thick woods which bounded his own little domain, whence he could catch, through the trees, a glimpse of the quiet bay—where, in a small inlet, he had ready a light canoe, that he often used to shorten his distances by crossing the water at this point—when, as he diverged toward the shore, he was startled by the voice of a child, apparently in extreme terror. The Iroquois plunged through the thickets, and presently attained a spot where he beheld two men in strange garb, which he at once recognized as that of the pale-faces. These men bore in their arms two struggling Indian children, whom they were half strangling to quiet their cries, as they carried them rapidly toward the water. Tisquantam did not hesitate. Pealing his war-whoop till it rung through all the wood, he sprung with uplifted club upon the foremost white man, whom, with one blow, he leveled to the ground.

The other pale-face, terrified at the sudden appearance of an Indian, and the shrill whoop which was answered by a hundred echoes, released the child and darted toward the shore. Tisquantam found himself alone with two screaming urchins, and the white man he had struck, lying bleeding at his feet.

It was but for an instant; a pistol-shot, followed by another, and a third, startled the air. Tisquantam felt a sudden pain through his head. A mist gathered over his eyes; his limbs grew faint; and he fell to the ground across the man whom

he had struck down beneath his club. Soon a figure, followed by two or three, and then more, cautiously emerged from covert, and approached him.

"By St. Dominic, captain! I believe you are right. There was but one of them—though, as I'm a Christian man, I could have sworn I heard a hundred yells," cried the foremost of the new-comers.

"And so you ran like a hundred devils?" sneered Captain Pierre, as he followed close behind, "and left poor François here, to be knocked i' th' head! Look, man, quickly, and see if his hurt be mortal!"

The Spaniard, Lopez, thus adjured, dragged the Indian from the body, and, raising the latter in his arms, disclosed a severe wound upon the skull, which was bleeding profusely. The man breathed, however, and was apparently only stunned.

"Now, up with him to the boat!" cried the Creole, in a sharp, abrupt tone; for, since his riddance of Robin Ball, he had little difficulty in controlling the rest of the crew—"and the youngsters—where are they?"

"Safe and fast, captain," answered a stalwart ruffian, who was engaged in gagging one of the Indian children, while Lopez secured the other. The poor creatures, after hearing the report of the firearms, had made no effort to escape, apparently transfixated with fright.

"To the boat with them!"

"Ay, ay, captain!"

"Is the redskin dead?" said Captain Pierre to Lopez, stooping over Tisquantam.

"No! 'tis but a flesh-wound! The bullet has grazed his skull, though, and clipped the savage's scalp-lock! Look you, captain—shall I finish him?"

"He's not dead, say you?"

"By St. Dominic, no! And, faith, 'twere shame to kill so stout a knave! Look at the varlet's muscle, Captain Pierre. He were worth seventy pistoles, an' he were at Bermuda or the Havana!"

"Think you that, Lopez?" cried the Creole, his eyes sparkling with greed. "Away with him, then, to the boat, for I doubt we shall get no more o' the cattle. We must away

from this bay, or a legion will be after these cubs of heathen-dom. Lively, comrades!—to the boat!"

Without more delay, the kidnappers lifted Tisquantam, together with the Indian children, and bore them to the pinnace, where already five other children of either sex lay pinioned hand to foot, like lambs for the mart. The Iroquois was securely fastened, when the oarsmen immediately pulled the pinnace out into the sunlit bay, through the calm waters, skirting the coast, toward the sea. Meantime, some of the crew were busy in rigging the masts and bending a lateen sail, while others stowed compactly in the boat's bows the store of provisions which were to sustain them on their bold voyage to the southern islands. There were thirteen men of the crew, who had kidnapped seven red children, together with Tisquantam. Captain Pierre chuckled as he looked upon his captives, and calculated how many hard pistoles so fine a cargo would fetch him.

Meantime, Monoma and Marie waited expectantly for the sun's decline, when the Iroquois was to return with news from the Narragansett village. But the parting beams of light trembled upon the mossy river-bank, and long shadows stole around the wigwam; then twilight, and gloom, and moon-rising followed—but Tisquantam came not.

CHAPTER XI.

SAMEEDA, THE DAUGHTER OF MASSASOIT.

MANY moons passed, and still the white captives remained unmolested in the Narragansett village. Abbe Claude learned that his life, as well as that of his young charge, Louis, had been decreed sacred by decision of the savages in council. Whether the Narragansetts, who, in the heat of their triumph, had sacrificed all the other emigrants thrown into their power, were now disposed to preserve the remaining two as living trophies of the prowess of the tribe, or whether some other line of savage policy actuated their course, could not be divined by the captives; but, it became evident that they were both received under the protection of the red-men, and that, though still watched as prisoners, they were treated as members of the common family.

It might be that a spice of superstition mingled in the natures of the Indians, and that they deemed it better to restrain the exercise of further cruelty toward the strange invaders, whom they firmly believed to be sent by Hobbomocko, the Evil One, for the especial trial and tribulation of the red possessors of the land. As the Chinese and Yezidees endeavor at all times to keep, as they express it, "on good terms with the devil," so the aborigines were accustomed to pay a sort of deference to the Arch Enemy, for the purpose of conciliating any unusually hostile feelings which he might be supposed to entertain; and thus, in the reservation of their captives, the shrewd Narragansetts doubtless conceived themselves to be subserving a double purpose: that of retaining living monuments of their own valor, and palliating with Hobbomocko the deed of wholesale massacre they had committed upon the hapless passengers of the ship.

During many seasons and years, mysterious and startling rumors had been rife through all the northern tribes. Strange

intelligence had reached them, by runners who had visited the red nations of the South, concerning armies of terrible men, with beards and white faces, who had come from across the great waters, walking the raging waves in a "big canoe," and carrying in their hands thunder and lightning. But now, at length, the tribes of the North had delivered their brethren of the strange enemies. The "big canoe" was now no more; it had been ground to pieces on the rocks of Massachusetts, and the invaders had become as the dust of the earth.

These were the words of the medicine-men and chief coun cilors in the grand lodge of the Narragansetts; therefore the warriors of that tribe no longer feared the pale-faces. They resolved that their captives should be held as slaves, in order that the far southern tribes might know the valor of the ocean-Indians. For the Narragansetts could behold the great sea from their hunting-grounds, while the south-tribes dwelt among the big rivers and swamps.

So, moons passed away, and still Father Claude and Louis remained prisoners among the red-men. They had learned the tongue of the Indians, and mingled in the councils of the chiefs. Abbe Claude spoke words of wisdom to the old men, and Louis hunted with the young braves, trapping the beaver and shooting the wild deer in the forest.

The good Abbe spoke to the ancient chiefs, who no longer went forth to battle, of the sweetness that dwells with peace. He told them of the great Manitou of the white men, and His mighty works. He comforted the aged braves when the Great Spirit's voice was heard calling them to the eternal hunting-grounds; and his tongue murmured gentle words to the little children whose fathers were no more.

Louis soon became beloved by the Indian maidens. They wove rich belts of wampum to hang his quiver, made soft moccasins for his feet, and plucked the feathers of eagles to knit him a warrior's head-dress; for the young stranger was comely to look upon, skillful in the chase, and graceful in the dance.

Sameeda, the daughter of the Sachem, Massasoit, was the pride of her father's tribe. Whose voice was so sweet in the songs of morning? Whose feet moved so lightly in the evening dance? Who was so fleet upon the hills? Like a

young fawn was Sameeda, daughter of the mighty wai-chief, Massasoit.

Sameeda, the Narragansett princess, learned to love the young stranger-chief who had been made captive by her father's bow and spear. The voice of Louis became like the murmur of fountains in her ears, and his glances stole into her bosom like sunlight into the wild-wood bowers. She loved in secret, speaking no word, for she feared the wrath of her stern sire. Therefore she would wander away in the stillness of night to seek the shores of the sea—there to think alone of the young pale chief.

To the silent shore oftentimes repaired Louis; for he, too, loved to gaze upon the broad ocean, and dream of the land he had left beyond it. No wonder then that upon the lonely beach the youth and maiden met, and, need we say, loved?

He whispered to her, in broken but intelligible words, tales of his far native land, and told the sad story of his own orphaned life, and of that beloved one, the sister of his youth, whose fair form he believed was now mouldering on Wachusett's height. Sameeda's heart throbbed with beautiful sympathy. She wound her arms around the neck of her lover, she dried his tearful eyes with her long, dark hair, and then murmured sweetly, in the musical language he had taught her:

"Sameeda will be the sister of the white chief. The daughter of Massasoit will make her couch at the feet of him she loves!"

Ah! how rapturously sped those hours of dear communion by the sounding sea. But a cloud was arising to darken loving hearts and starry hopes.

Sakanto was a mighty chief, and medicine-man of the tribe, wise in council, and cunning in the field. The enemies of the Narragansetts feared his valor and wisdom, and no less was he dreaded by the braves of his own nation; for he dealt in strange secrets, and it was said that Hobbomocko had charged his evil spirits to minister to Sakanto's will. Men feared his eye when its glances crossed their own; children fled from his path, to hide their faces in the bosoms of their trembling mothers.

But Sakanto was chief among the war-councilors, and his

fame went far abroad, along the sea-shores, among all the tribes that dwelt by the waters. He it was who had called together the young braves, and bade them watch the big canoe from the dark forests that overlooked the ocean. He it was, the old men said, who commanded the spirits of air to lash up the waters into anger, and to drive the big canoe upon frightful rocks, that his red nation might conquer the white strangers. Therefore was Sakanto feared by all—even more than was Massasoit, the Sachem of many nations.

Sakanto stalked from his wigwam, through the village, smiling not on the maidens, nor nodding his haughty head to the braves. He entered the lodge of Massasoit, and smoked with the Indian king the pipe of council. When the dark chieftain returned again to his wigwam, a whisper went from one to another of the youths and maidens that Sameeda, the beautiful princess, had been betrothed to the medicine-man!

Sorrow bowed the hearts of the youthful princess and her lover, when next they met beside the murmuring sea. Sameeda knew the power of that dread chieftain who sought her hand, and that Massasoit would never dare to provoke his anger, even should her own prayers be able to move her father's sympathies.

"Alas! must I fly from my beloved?" she cried, weeping upon the bosom of her pale-faced friend. "Must Sameeda sit down in the lodge of Sakanto, and smile no more?"

"Never!" answered Louis, passionately. "One being whom I loved have your cruel kindred torn from me; but from Sameeda I will never part!"

As the youth spoke, the figure of a man approached. It was the aged Abbe Claude, whose calm voice was now heard:

"My son! is it indeed so? Do you love this daughter of the red people?"

"Father—father, unite us!" was the earnest reply of Louis.

"Hear me! we are one in the sight of Heaven, but let us be made one by the rites of our holy religion. O, father! unite two loving hearts in the blessed bonds of marriage!" implored the young man.

"My son, what would you do? Know you not that Sakanto is the most powerful chieftain of the nation, save alone the king Massasoit? We are but captives, and at the mercy of our rude masters."

"We can but die, Abbe Claude. Unite us, and let us fly together far from the Narragansett villages. I have learned from a runner the route to the English settlements in the South. Thither we will fly! Say you not so, Sameeda? Wilt go with me?"

"Sameeda is the wife of the white chief. She will follow him to his nation's hunting-grounds."

"Hear you that, Abbe Claude? No time is to be lost. Unite us in marriage, and we will away together. God will conduct us."

Louis supported the light form of Sameeda, who gazed into his eyes with a look of mute confidence. She knew not what marriage meant; she cared to know but one thing—that her fate would be joined to that of the young pale-face forever.

"Heaven wills it!" at length murmured the Abbe, devoutly. "I feel that it is right, and that our Father in Heaven sanctifies the union. Ye shall be married, dear children!"

Joining the hands of the youthful lovers, the good priest knelt and prayed that their union might be blessed by the Creator of Love. There, in the sight of the bright stars and the rolling ocean, in the hour of night, Sameeda plighted her faith to the stranger who possessed her heart, and received the earnest response of her lover's vows. And then Abbe Claude uttered the solemn adjuration:

"Whom God hath joined together, let no one put asunder."

The nuptial party then stole from the lonely beach; all became quiet, save the low murmur of surges upon the sands, or the sough of swaying forest-trees that overlooked the waters.

But the quiet was broken by the splash of a paddle in the wave, and from the shadow of a jutting rock, close beneath the spot where Sameeda and her lover had knelt, shot forth a small canoe. It skimmed over the smooth water, along the shelving beach, and erect within it, his ominous glance following the receding figures of the maiden, the youth, and the priest, appeared a dusky Indian form.

It was SAKANTO, medicine-man of the tribe!

CHAPTER XII.

THE CREOLE'S PIRATICAL CRUISE.

MEANWHILE, during the transition of events in the Narragansett village, Captain Pierre and his crew steered their little vessel to the southward, coasting the perilous shoals of Cape Mollacar, rounding the isles of Capewak and Sagaquob, names now forgotten, or usurped by modern appellations, and keeping close to land withal, until the compass which they had preserved from the wreck showed them the favorable place for striking forth to the islands lying nearest to the continent. No storms interposed, and their progress during the long summer days and moonlit nights, was checked by no tedious calm; without danger or delay, they at length reached the Havana. Here, taking counsel with their leader, the company disposed of the pinnace, and sold the Indian children to the captain of a merchantman, who was about to sail forthwith for Bermuda, where servants of the sort were then in great demand. Tisquantam, who had recovered from his wound, was kept, in hopes of his fetching even more than forty-five pistoles, the round sum which had been received for each of the seven children, male and female; and then the gold, gained by the sale of the pinnace and slaves, was, by Captain Pierre's advice, invested in the purchase of a brigantine, wherewith they resolved to essay their fortunes on the high seas.

The Creole found no difficulty in increasing his company by the enlistment of several desperate fellows, then idling about the island, ready for any adventure, and who gladly entered into an engagement to share the excitement and profits of a rover's life. The Creole selected the Spaniard, Lopez, for his chief officer or lieutenant, and, mustering the men, now increased to a score or more of reckless desperadoes, opened his plans in business style.

"We are now about to follow the example of many brave

gentlemen," said Captain Pierre. "There be great store of treasure for strong hands to win, and I bethink me, comrades, of a notable place whereto we may gallantly steer. It is a cruising-ground near the island of the Dutch, called Curassou. In those seas resort divers merchantmen, and Spanish boats withal, laden with gold and silver, silks and Indian stuffs, laces, ribbons, and quicksilver, together with spices, vanilla, cochineal and cocoa, which fetch heavy prices at the Havana, or in the new colonies of America. Peradventure, comrades, if we take a dozen of these Spanish boats, as they go on their trading occasions, we shall find such mass of rich booty as will buy a great cruising ship for us. Then can we trade briskly in slaves, which are easily caught, as were those heathen imps, and mayhap make capture of some great galleon of the Dons or Portugals, so that we be speedily enriched for our lives."

The announcement of this scheme was received with much favor by the Creole's motley followers, and they set themselves directly to the work of fitting their brigantine for the voyage. Nevertheless, as it was not thought best to leave any traces whereby their course from the Havana might be too easily traced, Captain Pierre directed his lieutenant, Lopez, as well as others of the crew, to give out among the townspeople that the vessel was bound to France, to bring thence certain stores for the new colonies of that nation. Meantime, Captain Pierre purchased arms and ammunition, with such hard pieces of gold as he had saved from the wreck of the emigrant-ship.

Very soon the brigantine was made ready for sea, and word given to her crew to repair on board, which all were right glad to do, impatient for the adventures and booty promised by the leader. But, as they were about to weigh anchor, there appeared a tall, well-favored man upon the shore, whose bronzed countenance gave evidence of its possessor's acquaintance with the vicissitudes of American climates. He was, moreover, well appareled, and wore a mien of much dignity. With him came a sea-captain, who commanded a large ship of Britain, which was anchored in the roadstead, and behind followed a couple of mariners, who bore a heavy and iron-bound box.

"I would have speech immediate with the captain of this

brigantine, whereof I hear that she is presently departing for France," said the new-comer."

"I am at your service, monsieur," replied the Creole, in French, which was the language used by the other. "What would you of Captain Pierre Dacot?"

"Captain Pierre Dacot—if that be your name—I desire to bargain with you for my passage hence to France, whither I am bound," said the stranger.

The Creole started, for he had not looked for such an application. Nevertheless, he found himself compelled to make answer, and therefore rejoined that the brigantine's accommodations were very narrow, and badly suited to the comfort of a man of quality such as the applicant appeared to be.

"Oh, as for that matter, worthy Captain Pierre Dacot," returned the stranger, "I am not difficult to please in the matter of accommodations, having borne many hardships in my day. But it is necessary that I depart speedily, for there be those in France I would fain see before I die. Some store of wealth I have, Captain Pierre!" continued he, with a glance at the iron-bound box, which a sailor had deposited on the land at his feet—"and I promise you will be no loser by the bargain we shall make."

The Creole's avaricious spirit was roused at once; and as his eye became riveted on the chest, wherein his active fancy already pictured ingots of gold, and precious stones in glittering confusion, he paused a moment, evolving in his dark mind the first inception of a scheme to get possession of the stranger's treasure, at small risk to himself.

"If such be your willingness, monsieur," he said, presently, "and if you can abide such poor comforts as we can bestow, I will gladly make shift to dispose a berth at your service—yourself being without company."

"Myself and this chest are all the extra burden your brigantine will have to carry," replied the other. "My good friend here, an' brave captain who commands yon English ship, proffered me a cabin, which I would gladly accept; but unluckily he must wait for freight of peltries from the mainland, and I must needs make what haste I may."

"And good faith," responded the bluff merchant-captain, "I am right i'oth to lose your good company, sir, which I

have had from the French settlements. Fare you well, sir, for what says the song—‘The best of friends must part.’” Saying this, the Briton shook the hand of his late passenger, and, turning to Pierre Dacot, cried out—“You’ll find him a prince and a Christian man!”

The Creole’s lip twitched, as he attempted to smile; and the stranger, with another friendly grasp of the merchantman’s hand, prepared to get aboard the brigantine, first ordering his strong box to be lifted from the strand. “The trash is somewhat weighty,” he remarked, “and ‘twill tax a sturdy man’s strength, mayhap, to handle well.”

“Whip up yon savage Tisquantam,” said the Creole, addressing Lopez. “He is strong as a bullock, and will have the chest stowed safely in a trice.”

The two villains exchanged glances; while Tisquantam, driven ashore, was commanded to take up the box, which he did with scarcely an apparent effort, much to the astonishment of two English mariners, who had strained their tough joints somewhat in conveying the ponderous burden from their own vessel to the shore. The Indian, in grave silence, carried the chest over the brigantine’s side and deposited it on the deck, as if it had been but a traveler’s portmanteau.

“A lusty rascal, Captain Pierre,” remarked the English skipper, surveying Tisquantam’s muscular proportions and stately demeanor with an admiring glance; while the Indian himself, having accomplished his task, remained with folded arms, and calm eyes, near the taffrail.

“The dog is sturdy enough,” answered Pierre Dacot; “but his room were as good as his company in my small craft. So, if you like, friend, you shall have him for a hundred pistoles.”

“ ‘Tis too much,” said the Englishman. “Mayhap, we might agree on a matter of sixty pistoles; but, a hundred—my purse would never stand *that*, shipmate.” So saying, the Briton turned away.

“Get you forward, there, red dog!” cried the Creole; but Tisquantam, absorbed, perchance, in thoughts of the daughter of his love, appeared not to hear the gruff voice of his kidnapper.

“Hound! do you mock me?” roared Captain Pierre, observing the Indian’s inattention. “Take that, now, to help

your savage wits!" Seizing a rope's-end, he dealt his unconscious captive a sudden blow upon the face, stripping the skin from his forehead in a bleeding welt.

"By St. Denis!—that's a cruel stroke!" exclaimed the French passenger, in disgust at the unprovoked assault. "Nay, nay!" he continued, interposing his arm; for he perceived that the Creole had already raised his weapon for another blow, as if apprehensive of the red-man's resentment. "'Tis no Christian act to strike the defenseless! Look you, sir, how the poor man bleeds!"

"Bleed he, or die he, the loss is mine own, since there's no sale for such cattle at a fair price!" rejoined the Creole, moodily. "But there's no danger—the heathen dog is tough."

The stranger turned from the brutal rover and caught the eye of Tisquantam fixed on his own, with a glance at once intelligent and grateful. He felt compassion moving him at the sight, and a sudden impulse inspired him to rescue the poor savage from his cruel owner. Turning immediately to the English mariner, who, like himself, had witnessed with disgust the uncalled for brutality of Captain Pierre, he said, hastily:

"When good friends part, Captain, it is a good custom that bids to exchange tokens of remembrance between them. Give me now that plain gold ring on your little finger, Captain, and on my part, I will bestow this Indian Hercules upon you for a body-servant. Nay, no demur, I pray you, friend—I like it well."

Saying this, and in spite of the opposition of the British captain, who protested against the smallness of the equivalent which the Frenchman demanded, being a ring of little value against one hundred pistoles, the price asked for Tisquantam, the money was counted out and paid into the Creole's hands, though the latter would fain have retracted his offer, when he saw that his passenger was to pay for the slave. For the treacherous Creole had resolved in his own mind to make away with the Frenchman, so soon as they should be got upon their voyage, in order that the strong box, which, as he rightly deemed, contained much wealth, might fall into the hands of himself and pirate-crew.

But Heaven had ordained all these events for its own wise

purposes, and so Captain Pierre was constrained to adhere to his bargain, and transfer the Indian man Tisquantam to the merchant-captain. The poor savage, who seemed very well to comprehend the motives of compassion which had impelled the French stranger to become his purchaser, cast a look of renewed gratitude toward the latter, as he followed his new master and the two sailors from the brigantine. Captain Pierre, looking after him with a gloomy expression, gave hurried orders to cast off the vessel. Presently the forts and harbor were passed, and, before evening, the swift-sailing little craft had many a league of ocean between herself and the Havana.

But the Creole, impatient to obtain possession of the strong box belonging to his passenger, and to proceed, thereafter, on his voyage of plunder to the windward islands, did not delay developing his design to the Spaniard, Lopez, and a few of his ready men. It was resolved at once to attack the Frenchman in his sleep, and make away with him as speedily as possible, casting his body into the sea; after which his treasure could be ransacked, without making known the circumstance to all the rovers; and thus, whatever valuables should be secured, could be divided among the few actual participants in the deed of murder. In this manner the Creole desired to rob his passenger and cheat the most of his followers of their share of the plunder.

At the dead of night, the Frenchman was startled from his slumber by the sudden stroke of a knife, wielded by the ruffian Spaniard, which, though intended to penetrate his heart, fell short of the mark, and only inflicted a slight wound, sufficient to arouse the intended victim to a vigorous struggle for his life. No less than three villains were assailing him at once, while, by the glimmer of a binnacle-lamp, the malicious eyes of Captain Pierre overlooked the work of his myrmidons. Opposite the Frenchman's resting-place—a small locker in the round-house—was an open window, and through this could be discerned the water, black as the grave, for neither moon nor star was visible in the heavens.

It had been the intention of Lopez to strike so sure a blow in the sleeping Frenchman's breast, as should deprive him of all power of resistance, when he might be dragged imme-

diately to the round-house window and cast into the sea. But either the dim light misted his sight, or his unsteady hand deceived him—he missed his aim, and the next moment felt his own throat compressed in the gripe of his contemplated victim.

Then took place, in that narrow round-house, a deadly conflict. The passenger, armed only with a short dagger, made shift to keep at bay not only the three villains, but the captain himself, who came, cutlass in hand, to their assistance. Naught illuminated the scene but the dull binnacle-light, whose rays dimly entered through the open door of the round-house, and no noise was made but the wrestle of those who attempted to grasp the Frenchman, and once or twice the sound of a heavy stroke against the panels of the berth. At last, a desperado, who had approached within fatal range of the brave passenger's weapon, received a powerful downward blow upon his heart, and sunk heavily to the deck, mortally wounded, while the Frenchman made a desperate spring for the round-house door.

"We must call the crew—this fellow is a devil!" muttered Captain Pierre, placing a whistle to his lips, and blowing it shrilly. Immediately a rush of feet was heard from the forward part of the brigantine, and the Creole, darting from the round-house, beheld Lopez, the Spaniard, and his French passenger, grappled together beside the starboard taffrail of the vessel, bending like wrestlers in a close embrace, their arms locked, and the knife of each glittering in the obscurity.

"Upon him, comrades! Hew him to pieces!—the Frenchman! He has killed one of us already!" cried Captain Pierre to the men, who now came hurrying aft. "Stab him, or Lopez will be strangled."

It did indeed seem that the Spaniard's breath was about to be effectually stopped, for the Frenchman had suddenly dropped his own weapon, and, clasping the armed hand of Lopez with his left fingers, shifted his right to the throat of his adversary, which he pressed against the taffrail with a grasp like iron. The lieutenant's comrades saw his danger, and, with raised cutlasses, rushed together upon the now unarmed Frenchman. But, ere they could reach him, the combat was decided by the weight of the two men breaking

the taffrail on which they pressed so heavily. It parted with a crash, and pirate, as well as passenger, fell headlong from the brigantine, and disappeared beneath the black waves under her quarter.

A single sound—half gurgling gasp, half shriek—came to the ears of the horror-stricken rovers. Then the brigantine plunged on her way, and the moaning wind in her shrouds was all that disturbed the night's stillness.

Captain Pierre, quickly as possible, ordered the vessel to be rounded to, and a boat to be got in readiness. But in vain the ready sailors listened for a voice or struggle in the water. All remained quiet, and the Creole, with a curse, led the way to the round-house, where, all stark, lay the body of the ruffian whose breast had been cloven by the Frenchman's dagger.

"Curses! this business has cost me two of my best men!" muttered the Creole. "Ay, indeed, better had I lost three than Lopez, for he stuck at nothing that I commanded!"

Thus grumbled Captain Pierre, as the slain rover's body was committed to the waves; but his regrets became less poignant when a scrutiny of the lost stranger's strong box revealed to him, not, indeed, as he had fancied, ingots and diamonds, but still a goodly store of roubles and pistoles, enough to ransom a whole ship's crew from Barbary. The Creole's eyes danced over the plunder, and forgot Lopez.

CHAPTER XIII.

MONOMA AND HER GUEST.

MARIE AND Monoma watched long into the night, awaiting the return of Tisquantam. Sleep, at last, overpowered them, and the hour of morning broke once more. Still the Indian hunter did not return.

"I will seek my father's trail," said Monoma; and, kissing the cheek of Marie, she bounded away to the forest-path.

Monoma was no novice in woodcraft; her steps from infancy had been accustomed to thicket and turf. She had tracked the wild fox to his covert in the summer, and pursued during wintry moons the fleet-footed deer or howling wolf far away over icy crusts and drifted snows. She was familiar with every sign by which the aborigines trace their friends or foes through the pathless wilds; for often had she roamed with her father for leagues and leagues away from their islet-home, scaling the great hills of the interior, or launching their birchen canoe upon the rivers of the Penobscot, the Merrimac, and Piscataqua, even to the far Connecticut. Consequently, Monoma thought little of threading the wood-depths, and found no difficulty in striking very soon the trail of her father, Tisquantam, on the following day.

What terror shook her frame when she reached, at length, the spot where the brief struggle between the Indian and his captors had taken place. She knelt upon the trampled grass, and saw the discolored blades where the blood that oozed from Tisquantam's wound had dried. She marked the rough trail made by the kidnappers as they dragged their victims to the pinnace, and at last saw, with renewed grief, the print of the boat's keel upon the white sands of the shore. Then, as the full realization of her father's fate broke over her mind, and she felt that he had been carried away by enemies, she sat down upon the shore overwhelmed with sorrow.

But no tear came, even then, to moisten the burning eyes of Monoma; for her wild nature, even in its despair, refused the manifestations customary to civilized life. She remained mute and motionless, thinking of her sire, but even in her agony striving to shape forth plans for following and rescuing the captive warrior.

Monoma well knew, by the signs she had diligently examined, that no war-party of Indians had made prisoner of her father; for, apart from the fact that Tisquantam was on the best of terms with all the neighboring tribes, and that distant red-men could not have approached these shores without previous notice of their coming, she knew likewise that the print upon the shore-sands must have been caused by another bark than a canoe; therefore her quick apprehension told her that Tisquantam must have fallen into the hands of some survivors of the white strangers lately cast upon the coast. But this conviction increased her alarm, for she feared, after discovery of the marks of conflict on the grass, that her father might have incurred the anger of the strangers, or been seized as a victim in revenge for the massacre of the wrecked emigrants.

Monoma ventured to hope even amid her despair. Tisquantam was acquainted with her mother's tongue, and could therefore explain his kindred as well as friendliness to the pale-faces; and perhaps, reflected the maiden, after all, he has been taken but as a guide to the strangers through the islands, and will be allowed to return when he has safely conducted them to the great ocean. Monoma stifled her grief, and turned her face once more to the lodge where the lonely Marie waited her coming with ill-concealed anxiety.

Another night passed, and with returning morn Monoma prepared to set forth on a journey to the Narragansett village. For, during the sleepless hours, the Indian girl had promised her mourning friend that she would herself seek to discover whether Louis and the Abbe still lived. Monoma had often accompanied Tisquantam on his visits to the neighboring tribes, and twice she had passed the threshold of the great Sachem Woosameguen, which was the warrior's name of the powerful Massasoit. She now resolved to go alone to the lodges of the Narragansetts, not to make known the dis-

pearance of her father, but only to note if the white captives were still spared from sacrifice. Marie, in truth, desired to know the worst, for the dreadful suspense in which she remained, concerning her brother, was torturing in the extreme. Rather, indeed, would she welcome death, knowing that her friends had preceded her to the Mansions of Rest.

Monoma, therefore, promising to return by evening, set forth at the first dawning to traverse the woods and hills toward the Narragansett town. Much she dreaded that she should arrive only to witness the catastrophe of sacrifice, or to hear that the fearful rite of vengeance had been consummated. She hoped, however, that the captives were still living, and resolved, even though it might involve her own safety, to intercede for their preservation with the king, Massasoit, should the tribe have yet delayed their death. With these feelings her fleet footsteps soon carried her to the shore, where Tisquantam's canoe still lay concealed. The little bark clove the still waters of the bay from point to point, until the country of the Narragansetts was gained, and she stood among Woosameguen's lodges.

Many daughters of chiefs and young braves greeted the arrival of Monoma in the village, for she was known far and wide as the child of Tisquantam, the Lone Sachem of Mannahoset; but to the interrogatories concerning her father, the prudent maiden only replied that he had gone forth on the hunt alone, and she had come to visit for a few hours her Narragansett cousins, and then return swiftly to the lodge of Tisquantam. This answer satisfied all inquiries, and Monoma was permitted to range freely with her young Indian friends from wigwam to wigwam of the village. It was not long, therefore, before she learned all that could be communicated by the Narragansett maidens, and discovered, greatly to her joy, that the captive youth, Louis, was adopted by a squaw of the tribe. Moreover, she soon obtained a glimpse of the French youth and his elder friend, and saw that both appeared calm and in good health. Monoma bade adieu to the admiring braves who had greeted her, and, with a flowery garland or two presented by some gentle squaws, set out on her return to the islet, which she reached without difficulty just as the sun was declining.

Great was the sorrow of the Indian maiden to find that Marie was unable to comprehend her words or even recognize her at all. The anxiety, excitement and fear, which had alternated in the poor French girl's mind during the last few days, had at length forced her delicate frame to succumb, and she now lay upon her bed in the lodge, burning and tossing with a raging fever, that completely deprived her of reason.

Tenderly, though sadly, throughout that night, Monoma watched beside Marie, preparing for her relief the simple herbal medicaments which, in common with all aboriginal females, she knew well how to cull and prepare for use. But the French maiden's malady was of a grievous nature, and did not yield lightly to the young leech's skill. Not alone that night succeeding her return from the Narragansett village, but many nights, and many weeks succeeding, Monoma tended the sick and wandering girl, till at last the fever broke, and the light of intelligence once more revisited the stricken Marie.

When the crisis of the disease was at length over, and Marie could realize the sweet hope of life, and feel that, though in savage captivity, Louis was yet in no danger, but, with the good Abbe, was allowed all liberty to rove amid the tribe, she began soon to gather strength, and looked forward with returning confidence to a meeting with her brother in the forest, and perhaps their ultimate escape to the white settlements. Monoma encouraged the anticipation, though her own spirit was growing every day more despondent, because of the long absence of her father.

Meanwhile, the store of provisions with which, at Tisquontam's departure, the wigwam had been bountifully supplied, had long since been consumed, and Monoma's skill was fain to supply the place of her father. Daily, ere the sun penetrated the forest, and often at night, when Marie slept, the Indian huntress would steal forth through the glades and by the river banks, to set her snares for game, or launch her arrows with unerring dexterity, until, loaded with her spoils, she could return to the lodge, unperceived by Marie, who dreamt not of the arduous labors of her young hostess. Often, indeed, Marie beheld the trophies of Monoma's hunting exploits in the soft skins of beaver which lined the hut, as well as the many wild birds and other game upon which her returning appetite

feasted deliciously. But little did Marie know of the really perilous as well as difficult expeditions which Monoma undertook, nor know that the Indian maiden's hands had worked the ground and gathered the maize of which was made the excellent succotash which tempted her palate in the mornings.

Thus months wore away—summer passed, and the glorious Indian-summer followed with its gorgeous train of glowing sunsets, cloudless skies, and moonlit nights of dazzling brilliancy. Need was there now for Monoma to exert all her skill and energy in taking advantage of the proper hunting season in order to lay in store of food for the winter's consumption; for well she knew the glorious autumnal noons would be succeeded by storms and snows, when her islet-home would be barricaded by great drifts, and the great bay waters congealed, so that no fish could be taken by her weak hands, and when, mayhap, for months, naught would be heard in the wilderness but the howl of wolves and panthers ravenous for prey. All this Monoma knew, and, hopeless of her father's return, she prepared to exert herself to the utmost in providing the lodge with stores of game, and corn, and other necessaries, by means of which the winter might be passed in something like comfort; for she felt that Marie was ill-calculated to bear privation, and resolved, with generous courage, that no want of her friend should be unsupplied which her devotion might anticipate.

Thus, indeed, Monoma exposed herself to many risks which she might otherwise have avoided; and thus it happened, one lonely starlit night, as she eagerly pursued a wild fawn over hill and through dale, the dauntless maiden found herself suddenly checked by the ominous growl of a panther, which, crouching on the gigantic bough of an oak immediately in her path, was prepared to spring upon her as she passed.

Marie, at the fearful sight, would have fainted and been devoured in an instant. Monoma was of a different mould, and, moreover, accustomed to wilderness-perils. She, therefore, as her quick eye caught sight of the crouching panther, manifested no symptom of alarm, but quietly swerved from the direction in which she was bounding, and sprung for the shelter of another tree at a few paces distance. She was thus

saved for an instant, but only to be placed in increased danger by the anger of the animal, which, baulked in its first design, hastened, by leaping to another tree, to gain a position where it could pounce upon the anticipated victim.

The Indian girl, far from giving way to despair, coolly placed an arrow in her bow and let it fly at the animal, just as it made a furious spring toward her. The shaft entered one of the panther's eyes, so truly was it aimed. The beast fell short of the maiden, who adroitly slipped around the great tree.

The wood resounded with the horrible cry of the panther, as, terribly galled by the shaft which still stuck in his bleeding eye, he dashed with terrible force at the tree where Monoma stood. It seemed as if the noble Indian girl must fall at once a victim to the ferocious animal.

Providence, however, had ordered otherwise, and, in this great strait, sent an unlooked for deliverance; for, in the moment when she herself believed no hope remained, a loud shout was heard close beside her. A man sprung forward, ran boldly at the panther, striking it full in the breast, and bearing its ponderous body against the tree, within a foot of Monoma herself. At the same moment another figure emerged from the thicket and advanced toward the tree.

"Well, Robin Ball, have you settled him?" demanded the new-comer, in a voice which made the heart of Monoma leap in her breast, for it spoke in the French tongue, and was perfectly intelligible to her.

"Mass! St. Elmo! but I think he is done for!" was the reply of Robin Ball, as he shook the dead panther from the heavy pike of St. Elmo.

"Let us see, then, what manner of being you have rescued from the ferocious beast," said St. Elmo, stepping forward, while Monoma threw herself at the feet of Robin Ball, and, in her sweet accents, thanked him in excellent French for his timely action which had saved her life.

Had some visitant dropped from the skies, Robin and St. Elmo could not have been more astonished than they were now, to hear the foreign language spoken by an Indian Diana, who had just narrowly escaped death from an American tiger. It was not, therefore, to be marveled at, that they both pres-

ently plied the young huntress with questions, or that they speedily learned of the relationship in which Monoma stood to the white race. On his part, feeling instinctively that he might trust the red maiden, St. Elmo informed her that himself and companion had dwelt for several months in a cavern hard by, where they had stored provisions and furs, the spoils of their chase in the surrounding wilds. Much Monoma wondered that she had never before encountered the white hunters, but the circumstance was accounted for by the fact that they had roamed the forest with great caution, never venturing far from their retreat, lest they should meet and be taken captive by savages, many bands of whom, at divers times, they had seen traversing the wilderness.

But, what was Gabriel St. Elmo's surprise and joy, when Monoma informed him that one of his countrywomen had survived the wreck, and that the name of that one was Marie. The youth was nearly wild with delight, and implored to be conducted at once to Marie, and testified such ardent emotion, repeating over and over the French maiden's name, that Monoma at once, with a woman's tact, perceived the relation of the youth to her fair young friend.

All this time Robin Ball had remained gazing upon her sweet countenance, with a stare of blank wonder. So royal in her wild hunting garb, yet, withal, so gentle and engaging did Monoma appear to the rude English seaman, that he could find no words which he deemed suitable to address her in reply to the gratitude that she had expressed for his opportune service; and it was not till, in answer to St. Elmo's earnest prayer to be conducted to Marie, and Monoma had stepped forward to lead the way, that Robin could collect his faculties sufficiently to withdraw his gaze from her. Then, heaving a sigh, which seemed to shake his great heart, and wiping on the grass the bloody pike with which he had slain the panther, Robin Ball followed St. Elmo and the Indian maiden away from the glen, in the direction of Tisquantam's wigwam.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SANOP OF THE DEAD.

A SOLITARY Indian stood upon a lofty rock that frowned over the shores of the Connecticut, near the mouth of that beautiful river. His arms were crossed upon his broad bosom, and his tall form, towering in loneliness upon the ridge of the precipice, seemed like a statue wrought from the rock itself. It was Mattakan, the Pequod chieftain. He was not alone. Reposing at the base of the rock, concealed in its shadow, lay nine swarthy sons of the forest, savages of the Pequod nation. They were the war-brethren of Mattakan, and sworn avengers of the Indian's wrongs.

Many moons had come and flitted since Outesie had been slain, with her babe in her arms. During these months Mattakan had neither crossed the threshold of his council-lodge, nor joined in hunt or war-expedition. But away from his tribe, along the shores of the big waters, and to the settlements of the pale-faces on the great Hudson, had the chieftain wandered, to behold the stranger-ships as they came from the great ocean. Mattakan nursed but one image in his memory—the form of the white man who had slain Outesie; he nursed but one desire—for vengeance on the murderer of his wife.

The chieftain's deserted wigwam mouldered in the forest; his babe pined among the Pequod squaws; but Mattakan beheld it not, till at length the child sickened and died. Then the father took it from his village, and buried it with Outesie, in the lonely grave beneath the oak tree. But Mattakan spoke big words no more in the councils of his tribe, nor smoked with the ancient braves, nor hearkened to the songs of Pequod maids. The life of his heart was no more; he had buried it with Outesie and her child.

But, ever and anon, when the wandering chieftain returned

from afar, he whispered low words to the brethren of his youthful days, and they bent their ears, listening to the tale of the white man's wrong, and then, grasping each others' hands, swore by the Great Spirit that they would revenge the death of Outesie. Then Mattakan and his nine war-brethren went forth from their nation, and roamed among other tribes, and afar to the white settlements, seeking evermore the murderer; till at length the pale-faces grew fearful at the dark looks of that Pequod band, and the white squaws hushed their children with the name of Mattakan, the Sanop of the Dead.

But Mattakan warred not against the innocent pale-faces who dwelt near the great sea, nor against those whose lodge-fires smoked in the forests. He waited in patience to discover the slayer of Outesie, for the Great Spirit had talked to him in dreams, and promised that he should one day stand face to face with his enemy. So Mattakan waited for revenge.

Nor, in good sooth, was the time far distant when the wronged Indian was to encounter his desperate foeman; for Captain Pierre was even then not far from the shores whither the Pequod war-brethren had followed their leader. The brigantine had, it is true, pursued her expedition, and the place of Lopez, the Spaniard, had been speedily filled by another of the reckless crew, after which, for some months, they cruised upon the main; till at length it chanced that in an attack which Captain Pierre made upon the Spanish boats near Curassoa, he encounterd a resistance totally unlooked for; and, though the pirates succeeded in capturing the trading boats, with a great store of merchandise, yet their own numbers were so thinned in the fight, that it became necessary for the Creole to retrace his course, and steer for some point where he could recruit the band. He dared not enter Curassoa, or St. Thomas, near by, neither to venture to the main coast opposite, since many of those Spaniards who manned the merchant-boats had escaped from the combat, and the rover feared would give the alarm to men-of-war of their own country; in which case his own vessel might be shortly captured, and his own career ended on the scaffold. So, Captain Pierre deemed it his wisest course to shape at once for the

north shores of America, and strive for recruits among the settlements of Virginia or Hudson's river, where, he doubted not, many restless spirits were to be found, disgusted with the hardships of emigrant-life; more especially among those who had been, in times past, followers of Walter Raleigh and the other English adventurers. It happened that the Creole arrived in his brigantine, and stood off near the straits of the ocean that lead into Hudson's waters, at the moment that Mattakan, his enemy, was tarrying with his comrades at the mouth of the river Connecticut. Wondrous are the dispositions of Providence, which, when even known not, are working to the good and evil of mankind, according as their deserts determine.

It was near eventide when Captain Pierre's vessel passed around the long island which lay at the entrance of the waters upon whose banks a few huts and a trading stockade, planted by Hollanders, marked the small beginnings of what was hereafter to grow into the great commercial metropolis of the New World. The rover had, indeed, steered for the Virginia coast; but, miscalculating his neighborhood, had run around the rocky capes at the northward, and found himself at night near the waters claimed by Dutch settlers. Accordingly he resolved to visit them, and perhaps, after a profitable trade of his plundered cloths for beavers and other furs, to finish the expedition by another foray for slaves among the aborigines.

But the evening approached while yet the brigantine sounded through the unknown channel which she had entered, and, as the sky gave no promise of a moonlit night, but rather wore a murky and unusual hue, the buccaneer resolved to cast anchor in the shelter of a jutting point, near which emptied into the sea a wide river, evidently rising far inland. So, when the evening grew darker, the shallop rode at anchor upon the channel's edge, her trim hull motionless, and scarcely definable as it swayed sluggishly with the tide. One dim lantern hung over the bows, its flickering rays revealing a swivel-gun there mounted; but all portions of the brigantine were wrapped in the increasing obscurity of the night.

But, though the weather's aspect was gloomy and unpromising, no sign of approaching tempest was observable; rather, it seemed, that a sluggish calm had dropped over land and

water—one of those sultry calms, when life seems to stagnate, and all nature yields to apathy. Nevertheless, Captain Pierre and his reckless crew seemed little influenced by the heavy atmosphere, but, as they gathered with song and jest in the roundhouse of the brigantine, and quaffed deeply of Jamaica spirits, sweetened with the cane of St. Eustatia, appeared resolved on maintaining the soundness of the favorite though questionable morality contained in one of their drinking songs :

“Nor care nor fear hath the bold buccaneer,
The headsman’s stall he troubleth not—
He keepeth his prayer till he swings i’the air—
For he’ll need it then if at all, God wot.”

But better had it been for that roystering company had they watched with fear and care in those unknown waters; for they had then beheld, perchance, the dusky human form that swam cautiously about the shallop, and climbed to the anchor-cable; and they had met, perhaps, the glare of those savage eyes which, through the open window of the roundhouse, looked in on them with ominous glare, fixed upon the dark features of the Creole captain with a look of hate, deadly as the fascination of a serpent.

But no suspicion crossed the drunken minds of the rovers, as they plied their cans, and bandied jest and song. Mattakan, the Pequod, marked well the murderer of his wife, and then, noiselessly as he had come, descended from the cable, and clove his way to shore beneath the sultry cloud that concealed the water like a pall.

Far into the night extended the revels of the buccaneers, their hoarse laughter mocking the solemn stillness of nature—the ominous unnatural stillness of all things else. Throughout that sultry night the waters remained sluggish and dark, not a breath of air rippling their surface, not a passing zephyr flapping the listless canvas. Motionless the brigantine lay upon the midnight sea.

On the shore, likewise, brooded a similar stillness. Even when the gray morning gave signs of breaking, no breeze arose to bear away the clouds; the birds remained silent, or dropped from their tree-top nests to the ground, or wheeled above in slow, bewildered circles. The quiet over nature’s face appeared, indeed, like the quiet of death, for it was that

quiet pregnant with presentiment—the quiet that presages the earthquake's approach.

The tradition that tells of this first strange convulsion of nature known to New-England chronicles, is almost lost in the mazy history of two hundred and forty years. Still, in a few legends preserved in the white man's books, and more vividly in the unwritten stories still rife among the remnant of Eastern tribes, it yet lives—descending by the mouths of old men, who relate it in the language of their fathers—how the big waters upswelled, and then subsided into dead calmness; how the voice of Manitou was heard in the heavens, and from the wood-depths and caverns the wild breath of Hobbomock replied to him; how the red-man's corn was uprooted, and their dwellings made like canoes to swim upon the swollen waters; how hundreds and thousands of trees were uprooted—tall oaks and walnuts blown from their places, and wound up like withes by the hurricane; and how, at last, the moon shrouded her face in the great darkness which followed, and medicine-men shuddered, and soothsayers prophesied the doom of the Indian. The tradition yet lives of all this, though the historian scarce notices date or event.

Mattakan, as his stately form towered loftily amid the nine Pequod war-brethren, and his straining eyes watched the breaking of night's shadows around, could behold a heavy black cloud hanging like a pall over the broad mouth of Connecticut river—making darkness from the heavens to the ocean; and he knew that within the bosom of this cloud lay the brigantine of the pale-faces. Descending to the river-bank, followed by his Pequod braves, he pointed toward the spot, and then silently took his station in the prow of a canoe, which, though apparently so slight that a child's finger might rock it, was yet of capacity sufficient to accommodate the ten Indians. Quickly a dozen paddles dashed aside the waters, though theirplash was almost noiseless, and the dark birchen vessel shot out upon the wide river, unnoticeable in the thick gloom.

Afar at the east stretched a sickly yellow line, marking the struggling break of day; but in the west, the ominous cloud mingled with a dense fog that arose from the river. Silently, and shrouded in the mist, crept the Pequod's canoe toward

the hidden shallop of the stranger; while still the solemn and deathlike apathy brooded over the life of all things else, and the terrible immobility of nature was unbroken by breath or agitation.

Meanwhile, Captain Pierre and his reveling companions continued unwearied their night's orgies. The Creole held aloft his foaming goblet, and trolled a reckless distich, while anon the laugh of his crew echoed the drunken strain. The watchmen on the brigantine's deck drew near to the round-house, joining in the mirth of their comrades, or exchanging with them some covert jest. But Captain Pierre, as he thus made merry on these strange waters, did not remember the crimes that gathered darkly behind him during the five moons since he had arrived in the French ship, off the headlands of Wollocar—did not recall his cruel desertion of the emigrants, his cold-blooded murder of the Indian wife, his attempted assassination of Robin Ball, and the kidnapping of Tisquontam and the red children. Yet, though all these wicked deeds had been committed within the space of a single summer, and near the spot where his bark now rode at anchor, Captain Pierre little dreamed that his presence had been traced with the unerring cunning of a savage, or that his revels that night were watched by Mattakan, avenger of the murdered Outesie. So he drank and reveled with his rover-crew.

What plash was that beside the anchored shallop? What shadows were those which stole silently up the cables, and crouched in the shadow of the galley? The dead quiet remained unbroken by the watchman's alarm—naught had been seen by his drunken eyes.

What glimmer, as of angry eyes, was that which suddenly intercepted the lantern-rays? The watch beheld it not, yet it marked the stealthy progress of Mattakan and his braves, as, slowly and silently, they crept toward the round-house, and drew near to the careless sentinels.

A wild yell rung upon the sluggish air, and then a shout, like the war-cry of demons; then followed a struggle, a groan, and the watchmen were hurled backward upon the shallop's deck, their foreheads red with the mark of tomahawks.

The revelers in the round-house sprung appalled to their feet. They beheld, crouching at the door, a half-dozen red

men, and heard the Pequod war-whoop pealing through the brigantine. And, foremost of the yelling savages, his wild eyes seeking but one object, Captain Pierre beheld Mattakan. The Creole instantly recognized the stately warrior whom he had once seen upon the shores of Massachusetts bay; and at the same instant the chieftain's eyes encountered the slayer of his loved Outesie. He had tracked the murderer to his lair, and the oath sworn at the grave of his wife would now be fulfilled. Many moons had Mattakan waited for this hour; it had come at last!

Captain Pierre's quick glance ranged over the dark faces clustering around the Pequod chieftain, and then fell upon his own few men. The savages outnumbered the pale-faced crew, but what recked the buccaneer of that? He knew that his own stalwart arm and iron blade could sweep a red-man to the deck with a single blow, and his firearms were all within reach. Yet, he paused a moment, dropping the point of his raised sword, and waving his hand, as if to invoke parley—

"Brothers!" he then said, in a low voice.

But Mattakan's brow grew dark as midnight.

"Outesie!" he cried in answer, and, springing back from the round-house door, seized a pine-knot from one of his savage companions, and then, plucking a hatchet from his wampum-belt, broke the glass that protected the binnacle-lamp, while a yell of the Pequods, and a sudden rush of all toward the round-house, cast the white men at once upon their defense.

But Captain Pierre, as he beat back the first Indian who advanced, kept his eyes fixed upon the motions of Mattakan, and beheld the chief ignite the resinous wood which he held, and then, as its blaze streamed wildly out, cast it among the cordage and sails that flapped heavily against the masts of the brigantine. In an instant a besom of flame swept the rigging and overspread the deck as with a woof of fire, while beneath, the red and white combatants confronted each other, their wild countenances illumined by the light that streamed far across the gloomy waters. With foot advanced, and hatchet brandished above his head, pressed Mattakan in their midst, and opposing him, with bronzed brow shining in the red gleam, stood his enemy, the Creole. It was but for one moment, however, that the antagonists thus remained; the

next, uttering a fierce yell, the Pequods mingled with their foes.

Captain Pierre cast his back against the solid lockers of the round-house, and with a sweep of his heavy sword struck the foremost Indian bleeding to the deck. Then, white and red met, and presently interlocked in furious struggles for mastery. Mattakan, the Sanop of the Dead, sprung before his brethren, and hurled his tomahawk at the captain's forehead. It struck the iron blade of the Creole's sword, and fell harmless to the deck. Instantly the Pequod had grappled his foe.

But what meaneth that dismal shiver of the waters around the brigantine? Whence that moaning rush of wind through the forests that skirt the river's mouth? Truly doth the black cloud that filled the heavens now sink suddenly down, swallowing the yellow line of morning.

The earthquake! the hurricane!

It rushed suddenly from the forest-caves—it swept up from the river's mouth—it fell darkly from the heavens—at once, and terribly.

The waves uprose like a boiling caldron—the water rocked to and fro, and the slight vessel was lifted in the air. Her masts groaned and snapped; the burning sails streamed afar like banners of fire. Then came a shock, a heaving swell, a horrible crash around the entire horizon; then a hundred lightnings leaped from the sable cloud, while the roaring of multitudinous thunders seemed blent in the one fierce throb of earth, sea, and sky.

The hatchets of the Indians fell upon the bloody deck, and their fingers loosed the gripe of quivering scalps. The white men likewise paused, affrighted at the new and supernatural peril which threatened them.

In a moment the stroke of the hurricane fell, and the brigantine rolled over in the trough of the sea. The swelling waters mounted in an immense wave, and swept her decks of red-men and pale-faces; the hurricane clove her like the sudden sweep of a sword, and, ere a cry of horror could be raised, the grappling combatants were hurled into the black water.

CHAPTER XV.

THE FRENCH PASSENGER AND HIS HISTORY.

To be awakened from a comfortable slumber by the misdirected stroke of a dagger aimed at his heart; to be compelled to fight for life against four stalwart pirates; to plunge headlong into the ocean, grasping the throat of an assassin—are experiences well calculated to dampen the energy of any man; therefore the French passenger of the brigantine, when he rose from under the water where he had sunk with Lopez the Spaniard, was, as may be imagined, in no comfortable frame of mind. Nevertheless, it behoved him to strike out for immediate safety, though the night was dark as Erebus. Neither the brigantine could be seen nor the pirate whom he had grappled with, and the brave man swam lustily for a few moments; then, becoming somewhat freed from his bewilderment, floated for a few moments upon his back, reflecting on his novel situation.

The Frenchman was not unused to adventure, nor, as he had assured Captain Pierre, unacquainted with hardships; yet the predicament in which he now discovered himself decidedly transcended in interest all his previous experiences. But, at the moment he was debating the chances of his surviving long enough afloat to become a living meal for the sharks that infested those latitudes, the sudden contact of his limbs with a floating object startled his thoughts. Striking out his hands, he immediately felt a fragment of wood, which he at once concluded was a piece of the taffrail that, in breaking, had precipitated himself and the Spaniard into the ocean. Scarcely had he grappled with what promised to assist him to sustain himself, when he heard a feeble voice near him cry:

“St. Dominic preserve me! it is he!”

“Hah!” cried the Frenchman, “is this my caitiff antagonist? Truly, we are both at even chances for life! Ho, friend! art not drowned yet?”

"Mercy!" gasped the trembling voice of Lopez, sounding through the darkness in the ear of his intended victim; for, so dense was the black fog which enveloped the sea, that the two men, though clinging to extremities of the same fragment of taffrail, were yet unable to discern one another. "We must die—we must drown!"

"Speak for yourself, my good fellow," returned the Frenchman. "For my part, I intend to live as long as I can, and so I shall stick to this bit of wood, advising you to do the same."

"Do you forgive me?" gasped the wretched Spaniard. "Are you not about to cast me off from this frail support?"

"I have as much as I can do, good fellow, to keep my own grasp, without troubling myself about casting off a fellow-creature. There is support for both, as it chances, so I counsel you to hold on fast."

"St. Dominic reward you!" murmured the Spaniard. "But—alas! I see no way of escape!"

"Truly, one must have better eyes than mine to see at all," said the other man. "Nevertheless, morning can not be far away, and meantime we are in no great peril, the sea being so calm. Therefore say your prayers, good fellow, and ask St. Dominic to forgive you for the grievous crime that you would have perpetrated."

Lopez groaned, and presently began to implore the mercy of all the saints in his calendar, at the same time venting not a few maledictions upon Captain Pierre, whom he charged with all the responsibility of his own sins. But the Frenchman gave little heed to the wretch's abjurations, being himself intently watching for the streaks of day, which at length began to dissipate the mist that shrouded the ocean. At first, indeed, he could distinguish nothing save the sea; but as the dull, gray light broadened by degrees above the gazer's vision, he could discern the outlines of a shore at the leeward, to which apparently the taffrail was drifting. At the same time the Frenchman's regards fell upon the face of Lopez the Spaniard, now revealed in the dim atmosphere, as he clung at the other end of the fragment of wood. It was ghastly and fear-stricken, and the fixed eyes almost glared in returning the look they met.

"Well, comrade! what think you now of our chances?"

cried the Frenchman, in a cheery tone, willing, if possible, to raise the spirits of his wretched fellow-sufferer. "Mark you yon land, to which we drift fast? God's mercy has preserved us both, and it is meet that we should be grateful!"

"Mercy!" muttered Lopez, in a despairing voice. "God's mercy is not for the Jonah. But you, Monsieur, whom I would fain have slain—do you pardon me in truth?"

"As freely as I trust in pardon myself for manifold transgressions," answered the Frenchman. "But now, lest the sea may speedily ebb from the land, and thus bear us away, I pray you strike out lustily, and let us swim together, pushing this taffrail withal. Thus shall we reach the shore and be safe."

"Heaven help me! I fear I shall ne'er put foot on shore again," groaned the Spaniard. "Neither can I strike out nor swim, for strength nor skill have I in the water. St. Dominic be my witness, I can but hold fast to the wood."

"Hold fast, then, in God's name!" answered the Frenchman. "I will strive if mine own limbs can force forward both you and the taffrail."

So saying, the bold swimmer forced the taffrail forward toward the shore. Lopez hung a dead weight upon it. Thus, by dint of the Frenchman's exertions assisting the drift, they approached the land, which appeared to be a small island, until the white sands of the shore could be plainly discerned gleaming through the transparent waves. Already the swimmer had slackened his efforts, sure that the goal would be easily attained; already Lopez began to hope, when suddenly, immediately from the bright sands beneath, arose the form of an enormous ground-shark. Turning, as it ascended, it presented to view its white belly, which flashed like silver in the clear waters.

The ground-shark, infesting the tropical seas, is the deadliest of its kind, being poisonous as well as ferocious, and, unlike the more timid follower of ships, can not be frightened away by blows or splashing of the waves. As this dreadful fish became visible, the Frenchman, as he swam, cried loudly to his companion:

"A shark—have a care! Leave the wood and make for the shore!"

Then, with a generous thought to save the Spaniard, he turned the taffrail about, so that Lopez was near the sands and might easily scramble into shoal-water. But Heaven had ordained that the wretch should perish, as he expected, before reaching the land; for he persisted in clinging to the wood, as it were, fearing to making an effort to gain the shallow water, which seeing, and being anxious to save his own life, the Frenchman no longer held to the boards, but struck off, and presently reached the shore. Then, casting his eyes about, he beheld the spectacle he feared to encounter—an agonized face appearing a moment beside the taffrail, then another wild leap upward of the Spaniard's mangled body, as the teeth of the shark cut him in twain, his life-blood gushing out on the waters, which it discolored even to the pebbly beach. This was the end of Lopez the Spaniard, who had been spared from the ocean only to meet a doom more fearful, in punishment of his wicked life. The Frenchman felt unbounded gratitude to the gracious Providence which had preserved him from the fate of his companion.

"See, now," he murmured, "how inscrutable are the mercies of Almighty Wisdom! Had not yon taffrail become broken off, in my struggle on board the brigantine, we had not fallen into the deep, it is true, but I should assuredly have been slain by those desperadoes who sought my life. Then, had not the wretch grasped the wood, and thus floated it, unknowingly, near where I swam, peradventure I had soon become exhausted, and sunk in the sea! And now, at the last, I am saved by the sacrifice of this unhappy man; for it is plain that the fish would have made a meal of me, had not the other been there! Truly, wondrous are thy ways, oh Lord!"

Thus the Frenchman communed, as he walked along the beach from which the tide was now ebbing, as he had expected, leaving bare the white sands where so lately had lain in ambush the deadly ground-shark. But what was his surprise and joy to discover, just as the morning sun had partly broken over the ocean, irradiating every object, that a large ship was in sight, apparently standing in full sail toward the island.

This joyful sight renewed the prayers and thanksgivings of

the Frenchman, who impatiently ran back and forth upon the shore, displaying a flag which he made with his torn doublet and shirt, and shouting at the top of his lungs so soon as he deemed the vessel to be within hailing distance. Presently he became aware that his presence upon the island had been discovered, for soon a boat was seen to leave the ship and shape its course for the beach. In a little time, much to his satisfaction, the Frenchman trod the decks of a first-class galleon of England, bound homeward from the New World with a cargo of fish and beaver-skins, in all near ten thousand pounds, and of great value. To the master of this galleon the Frenchman made known his wonderful adventure and deliverance. From the English mariner he received all friendly consolation and assurance of future safety, and presently stipulated with the worthy captain to carry him as passenger to a port in Britain. The Frenchman was far from being destitute of means wherewith to bargain for his voyage to England; for, closely sewn in the girdle beneath his doublet, were store of diamonds and other precious stones, worth even more than the strong box which he had left on board the brigantine. These valuables, however, the Frenchman still concealed, only bargaining with the English master to reward him for his kindness when the ship should arrive at her destined port.

At this port, in time, the galleon arrived. And when the adventurer had once more set foot on land, and generously remunerated the master for all the attentions shown him on the passage, he went about among the smaller shipping, to engage some craft wherein he might immediately set out for his native France.

“For since I have been preserved through many years of hardship, and escaped divers perils, so that I now return with store of this world’s goods, obtained by lawful toil and profit, it now appeareth to me that Heaven, in its goodness, hath determined on my future happiness, and union with my dearest family! I will hasten, therefore, to lovely France, trusting still in the good God who has ever been my support.”

Thus the pious Frenchman talked to himself, as he sought among the mariners for one that could convey him to France. What was his surprise, as he stood upon one of the quays, to be greeted in his native language by a dark-looking man, clad

in sailor's garb, who came toward him with an air at once dignified and deferential, and, removing his coarse hat, disclosed a face which he fancied familiar, yet could not immediately recall to memory.

"The white chief does not remember the poor Indian. But the Indian never forgets his friend!"

These words at once brought to the Frenchman's recollection the scene upon the shore at the Havana, when he had purchased a red-man from the brutal Captain Pierre, and given him to the protection of an English merchant-captain.

"Ah! I now remember you well! and your worthy master—where is he?"

"Tisquantam has no master. The white chief is his friend," returned the red-man, proudly, as, turning, he made way for the merchant-skipper of the Havana, who now approached and grasped the Frenchman's hand.

In a few moments the latter related to the Englishman all that he had endured since parting from him in the New World, and in return was informed that the Indian Tisquantam had proved himself a very valuable acquisition to the ship's company, and won the good wishes of all the crew. He was not considered as a servant or slave, the customs of England repudiating the latter condition, at least at home, and the native dignity of the red-man making it impossible for a noble mind to treat him otherwise than with respect. Tisquantam, indeed, bore himself with much freedom and discretion, and endeavored in every manner to testify his gratitude to the Frenchman who had befriended him.

"The white chief," he said, alluding to the merchant-captain, "will soon take Tisquantam back to his hunting-grounds, to the lodge where his daughter mourns her lost father. There Tisquantam will remember his French brother, and Monoma shall pray for the chief who rescued her father from the man-stealer."

"I am glad that my red brother remembers his friend," answered the Frenchman. "Let him wear this to his lodge, and present it to his young squaw."

Saying this, he took a ring of plain gold from his finger, and placed it in the red-man's hand.

Tisquantam's noble features were agitated with emotion.

He seized the hand of his friend and raised it to his lips. Then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he thrust his hand into his bosom and drew forth a small golden cross. It was the token which Marie de Luzerne had given him to bear to her brother on the morning of that unhappy day when he had been kidnapped by the ruffian Creole.

“Here,” cried the Indian, “Tisquantam has naught but this. He will tell the white bird that he gave it to a chief of her nation, his friend and brother, and she will—”

The red-man paused in sudden alarm as his glance rested upon the face of the Frenchman, who had seized the cross and was holding it extended at arm’s length, his eyes fixed upon the cipher which, as we have before noticed, was engraven upon the small relic that Marie had inherited from her departed mother. His cheek grew flushed and pale by turns, his bosom heaved, and all his limbs were agitated as with violent emotion. Clasping his hands wildly together, he exclaimed:

“ ’Tis hers—’tis hers !”

“The white-bird—Marie !” cried the Indian, as if intuitively following the other’s thoughts.

“Ay ! Marie—Marie ! Whence came this cross ? Long years ago I gave it to my lost wife. How is it I find it in the hands of an Indian ? Speak, Tisquantam ! who and what are you ? How came you by this relic ?”

Then gravely, but with minute accuracy, the Indian related all the circumstances connected with his possession of the cross—the fearful wreck of the emigrant-ship—the massacre and captivity of its survivors—his rescue of Marie de Luzerne, and the subsequent adventure through which he had been deprived of his own liberty. The Frenchman listened, transfixed with astonishment, till Tisquantam concluded the recital. Then, falling on his knees, and raising his hands, which still clasped the golden cross, he acknowledged anew the wonderful power and benevolence of the Almighty Ruler of human events.

“O Father of Mercies !” he cried, “I thank Thee for this new work of Thy watchful providence—Thy protecting wisdom ! Behold, through this savage, whom I but kindly treated in a small thing, Thou hast chosen to manifest Thy

ove, and to reveal to me the fate of those dearer to me than life! O Holy One, I thank Thee for all Thy wonderful kindness, and may all my future life be witness to Thy praises!"

It was indeed the Sieur de la Luzerne, the long-absent father of Louis and Marie, who had returned to the Old World enriched, it is true, by toil and adventure during his exile, but yet weighed down with solicitude concerning the fate of his family, from whom he had been parted for so many years. His sentence of banishment, after having doomed him to an unjust expatriation from France, during the prime of his life, had at last been reversed by the successor of the monarch whose misjudging severity had inflicted it, and the Sieur Luzerne hastened at once his return to his native land, to seek out, if they were still living, the objects of his affection. But, alas! ill-fated would have been his quest, disappointed his hopes, had not the chance-meeting with Tisquantam, at the Havana and in England, revealed to him what no other than the Indian could have told — the fate and abiding-place of his orphaned children. Reason, indeed, had the exile to be thankful for Heaven's kindness, and cause enough to admire that wonder-working Providence which had permitted the Iroquois to be torn from his daughter and his home, in order that through his instrumentality another sundered family might be reunited. Tisquantam and the English captain, as well as Luzerne, joined in acknowledgment of the Divine Power, and together, with solemn steps, they wended their way to the British galleon which was soon to sail again for the Colonies, and in which the French exile resolved at once to return in search of his beloved children.

It was not long before, with the Iroquois at his side, the Sieur de la Luzerne stood upon the decks of the English ship, and bade adieu to the white shores of Albion's sea-girt isle, as the vessel clove her way once more across the wide Atlantic.

CHAPTER XVI.

CAPTAIN PIERRE AND THE AVENGER.

IN the darkness that succeeded the stroke of the hurricane, two stalwart forms arose in the boiling surf, and, unseen by each other, breasted the billows, as they struck vigorously for the shore. These were Mattakan, the Pequod, and the Creole, Captain Pierre. They did not see one another, for the immense cloud, which followed the hurricane's devastating track, bowed down over the waters and land in an impervious bank of mist.

Though appalled at the terrible manifestation of nature's power that had interrupted his work of vengeance, Mattakan plied his strong limbs in the effort to keep afloat, though his eyes were blinded by the spray, and his ears stunned by the roar around him, mingled with terrific noises from the land to which he sought to swim—the crack of whole forests snapping like reeds before the ponderous force of the typhoon.

He reached, at length, a point of elevated earth, that once had marked the extremity of the river's banks; but in vain did the chief now search for a landing-place. Water was all around and before him—water, black and gloomy as the grave, stretched far on either side. Mattakan then knew that the river had overflowed its boundaries, inundating the forests and fields. The quick instinct of his savage nature taught him the course of safety. He struck boldly forward for the hills which he knew could not be very far away. After a fearful struggle for life, his eyes were gladdened with the sight of land, and he was soon under the shelter of a friendly shore. What a scene of devastation met his view! Everywhere a wide waste of waters—trees uprooted, deep channels cut in the land by the earthquake's mighty shock! Far away on the bosom of the wild waters rode the shallop—a mere wreck of its former beauty, and her decks silent as the stars in midnight. The

Indian sat down to contemplate the fearful change which had so suddenly taken place, and mourned inwardly that his companions should all have been lost ere their vengeance was consummated by the tomahawk and scalping-knife.

Mattakan sought a brief rest in repose, for his powerful frame was well nigh prostrate from his great exertion. He slept peacefully for an hour. When he awoke it was still dark, but to his surprise he found that the ship had been driven into shore by the return tide, and was now lying stranded at the river's edge.

The Pequod's keen glance explored in an instant every thing within its range, and noticed, what a white man might have passed unheeded, that there were signs of life about the vessel. Hastily plunging beneath the water's surface, he swam silently past the dismantled shallop, and, gaining a clump of trees which commanded a view of her decks, concealed himself among the leaves, patiently awaiting the setting in of night.

The shades deepened. Sky, forest and water darkened into indistinctness, but the Pequod's watchful eye was fixed upon the brigantine, till at length it marked a filmy smoke mingling with the gloom above her decks, and then a sudden light gleaming through the window of the round-house. No human form appeared, yet Mattakan knew that some living being was there. Cautiously leaving his hiding-place, he swam to the bluff, and noiselessly climbed his way to the vessel's deck. All was still as the grave, but the rays of light glimmering from the round-house, guided the Indian's progress, as with wild-cat stealthiness he crawled along the slippery planks, and at length reached the galley, close beside the half-open door of the cabin, where, shrouded in darkness, he crouched low, and peered forward. What did Mattakan behold?

The murderer of his wife was there—the Creole, Captain Pierre; and he slept.

The rover and his enemy, the Pequod, were the sole survivors of that terrible tempest. Their companions, white and red, had perished in the swollen waters, and only the two foes now met once more upon the decks of that fated bark.

Still the rover slept. An iron lamp burned on the table before him, and near it the Creole leaned, resting upon his folded arms, overpowered by the fatigues and perils of the day. His pistols, primed and loaded, lay beside the lamp. 4

Mattakan cautiously drew nearer to the door of the round house, and at last entered. Still the Creole remained motionless, and the Pequod crept on until he reached the table, and, stretching out his hand, seized the firearms of his white enemy.

Now, indeed, was the slayer of his wife within the red-man's power. The murderer of Outesie was defenseless before him. He remembered his wife and child, and their grave beneath the oak tree, on the borders of his native waters, and, raising the deadly weapon which he had grasped in his right hand, he pointed it at the white man's heart. But Mattakan could not slay a sleeping foe.

He struck the table with the iron muzzle of the pistol, and pealed at the same instant the war-whoop of his race. Terribly rung that yell upon the still night-air, and was answered by the alarmed voice of Captain Pierre, startled from his slumber. The rover sprung to his feet, and beheld his pistols in the hands of a red-man. He saw before him the Sanop of the Dead, and heard one word uttered by the Indian's lips:

"Outesie!"

The rover's cheek grew pale as he rolled his blood-shot eyes around the cabin, in the vain hope of escape. Still his craft did not forsake him. He knew something of the Indian language, as well as character, and at once essayed to parley.

"Is my red brother a warrior?" demanded he, in the dialect used by the northern tribes.

"Outesie!" was the sullen response of the chief.

"I am not armed," continued Captain Pierre. "Will the brave slay a chained buffalo?"

"Mattakan will *not* slay his chained enemy."

"Then let us fight with knives," said the Creole.

"The pale-face shall have a knife! Let him be armed."

"Be it so; we will then be even," said the rover. And, stepping back as he spoke, while the crafty Pequod still held the pistol leveled at his enemy's heart, he threw open a small closet at the side of the round-house. Within this closet, or locker, were divers arms ranged upon a shelf, and on the floor beneath, an iron-bound keg, the lid of which had fallen off, and disclosed its contents. Mattakan shuddered as he recognized in the open keg the white man's thunder-seed.

—the terrible gunpowder of the pale-faces. But his inflexible Indian visage exhibited no trace of what he observed. His eye calmly surveyed the Creole, who had grasped a brace of hunting-knives.

"Now I will fight the red chief!" cried Captain Pierre, as he extended one of the bright blades to Mattakan, who received it but with one response—"Outesie," and then flung the pistols which he held upon the deck behind him.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Captain Pierre, who had rightly reckoned on this magnanimous action of the red warrior; and then, quick as thought, he grasped a carbine which stood loaded within reach of his hand, and, springing back, leveled it at the Pequod's breast.

The white man's treachery had outwitted the simple Indian, and the Creole's mirth rung out in anticipated triumph. But Mattakan was cunning, and desperate as his foe.

For, scarcely had the rover's laughter marked his sudden possession of the carbine, than the Pequod's hand was thrust forward, and grasped the iron lamp which burned upon the table. Captain Pierre divined his purpose, and snapped the trigger of the deadly weapon which he held, but it was too late. The red-man had hurled the burning lamp into the powder which had caught his quick eye.

A bright flash followed, a crash, and the rocking swell of crushed timbers. And then, fast and thick, upon the startled waters, the hill beyond, and the half-sunken trees, fell down the fragments of destruction. Fragments of the doomed brigantine rose into the gloomy air—then pattered on the river's face in terrible hail. And when the bright sun arose on the ensuing morn, gilding the turbid Connecticut, there floated from the silent river the mangled remains of two men, blackened, mutilated, and scorched by fire, yet in death they seemed to clutch each other, and interlock their limbs. They were Mattakan, the Sanop of the Dead, and his enemy, Captain Pierre.

The Pequod had avenged his Outesie.

Monoma said to the young captive, "I am sorry for you, but I must tell you that you are in great danger. You must be very careful, and if you see any Indians, do not run away, but stand your ground. I will be with you, and I will help you to get away from here. You must be brave, and I will be with you every step of the way."

CHAPTER XVII.

FATHER AND CHILD.

WHEN Monoma returned to her islet-lodge, accompanied by Robin Ball and Gabriel St. Elmo, Marie was sleeping upon her sylvan couch. Monoma would have approached her quietly, but St. Elmo's impatience could not be restrained. He rushed to the side of the slumbering girl, and, sinking on his knees, murmured her name. Marie started.

"St. Elmo!" she cried, and then, with a low cry, sunk back upon the couch.

"Oh, Father in Heaven! I have killed her!" cried the youth wildly, clasping the maiden's hands. But Monoma, with her gentle ministrations, was instantly at hand, and, under her care, Marie soon awoke again to animation. Nevertheless it was apparent that, in her weak condition, all undue excitement was fraught with danger, and St. Elmo was accordingly banished immediately to the outer lodge which had been once used by Tisquantam. Here he bore patiently the reproaches of Robin Ball for his ill-advised conduct in so rashly approaching the young invalid.

"An' it were Bob Ball," cried the bluff sailor, "no better sense could be expected. But for you, monsieur, to my mind it was a shame to frighten the poor young body so woundily."

"I know I am an ass—a brute—and worse than the heathen savages themselves," returned St. Elmo, with perplexed contrition. "But, Robin Ball, when I looked upon that sweet maiden slumbering so quietly, I lost all thought save the desire to hear her voice in greeting of my poor name."

"And so you would fain frighten her into dumbness forever," quoth Rob Ball. "Beshrew me, but such things have been where the Christian's voice has been lost, only by reason of great alarm like that."

"Oh that I had heeded the counsel of the Indian girl!" cried St. Elmo, bitterly bemoaning his rashness. "She bade me take caution when I approached."

"Ah, indeed! what a princess is that!" exclaimed the Englishman; "a gentle and comely maiden, with a step like a fawn, and movements as graceful as a dolphin. Oh, that a heathen land should boast such a miracle of maiden beauty!"

"Ho!" cried St. Elmo, smiling in spite of his previous alarm, at the sudden enthusiasm manifested by his comrade. "By St. Denis, you talk like an enamored swain, instead of Robin Ball."

"And if I be enamored of so dainty a damsel as yon red-skinned maid," answered the sailor, nothing daunted, "'twould not be the first of my land who wedded with a dusky princess. By my troth, but this huntress, or witch, or whate'er she be, is quite as comely as the queen Pocahontas, whom Master Rolfe brought to England with him, ere I set sail on my last voyage."

"She who saved the life of your countryman, Captain Smith," remarked St. Elmo.

"The same—a notable princess and daughter of a great king in the Virginia country," responded Robin Ball. "But, by my troth, monsieur, this witch o' th' woods would shame the Princess Pocahontas herself."

"She hath plainly bewitched thee, poor Robin," cried St. Elmo, as he rose quickly to greet the Indian girl, who now stepped lightly from the lodge. The sailor, on his part, became silent at once, contenting himself with following with his glances every motion of the graceful maiden.

Monoma soothed her protégé to sleep once more, and commanded St. Elmo, with a sweet decision, that he should attempt no more rash surprises.

"Let the white braves now sleep!" said she, pointing to a pile of soft skins which lay in a corner of the outer wigwam. "To-morrow the white bird will sing in the ears of her friend."

And then, with a glance at St. Elmo, which told the youth that the shrewd maiden already guessed the secret of his love, Monoma bade the white man good-night. But long after she had departed, to watch beside Mary, Robin Ball, who immediately regained his volubility, kept himself and companion

awake by converse concerning infidel princesses and Indian queens won by the valor of British adventurers, and leaving their heathen homes to dwell in the far-off "merrie England" of their bold lovers.

On the following day Marie recovered from her agitation, rejoiced to meet the young companion of her ill-fated voyage, conversed long with St. Elmo, and listened with interest to the quaint sayings of Robin Ball. Very soon the two strangers became informed of all the generous treatment which the French girl had experienced at the hands of Tisquontam and his noble daughter, and how the Indian chief had disappeared so suddenly, made prisoner, as was supposed, by white men; at which last piece of information Rob Ball broke out into a malediction against Captain **Pierre** Dacot.

"It was that villain who did the deed!" cried the Englishman. "Oh that I had his skull here to crack like a cocoanut with a good quarter-staff! Pray heaven we meet some time."

Robin Ball knew not that the Creole's brigantine was, at this very time, nearing the coasts of America, and that a foe-man keener for revenge than himself was waiting in prophetic anticipation of meeting the Creole murderer.

Several days passed, and Marie, whose health was nearly restored, and her spirits manifestly improved by intercourse with the admiring St. Elmo, who made no secret of his love for her, was able to wander forth, well clad with Monoma's beaver-mantle, for the air began now to grow chilly in the mornings and evenings, though the midday glowed with all the intensity of Indian summer's heat. But as the French girl's frame regained its buoyancy, her mind dwelt constantly upon her brother, who, she knew, was but a half-day's journey from the islet, but whose condition, whether happy or miserable, in health or sickness, was quite unknown to her. To behold her beloved Louis and the Abbe once more was now the constant desire of her heart, and Monoma at length proposed to set out for the Narragansett town, and, if possible, arrange a rendezvous where the captive brother might meet his sister, mourned as dead, but in reality so near to him. Robin Ball, who, clad in skins, and decorated with wampum, the gift of Monoma, presented quite an aboriginal appearance,

was to accompany the Indian girl as far as the borders of Massasoit's village, while St. Elmo would remain near the one to whom his every prayer was devoted. But scarcely had this arrangement been made when a new incident changed the plans of all.

Monoma had arrayed herself in huntress-garb, and her faithful squire, Rob Ball, was admiringly regarding her; while Marie, pale but beautiful, stood near them, leaning against St. Elmo, whose arm supported her fair head. Without the hut, a blue haze, the smoky vail of the Indian summer atmosphere, was tinted with sunrise hues, and around the little islet had fallen piles of brown leaves, the first tribute of autumn to the winds which were soon to strip her garments away, and leave her naked, waiting for the wintry grave. As yet, however, the forests were beautiful, and on this particular morning, the usual chilliness was not noticeable, but, on the contrary, a close and sultry atmosphere hung over the land and water, as if a violent tempest were at hand. On this day Monoma and Robin were to set forth for the Narragansett hunting-grounds.

But, as the small group stood in the wigwam, a step was suddenly heard without, and a tall figure darkened the entrance. St. Elmo and the sailor grasped their weapons, but Monoma uttered a cry of surprise and joy, and the next moment was clasped to the bosom of her father, Tisquantam. At the same moment, a tall form, clad in European garb, appeared upon the threshold.

"Where is she? My child!" exclaimed the voice of the new-comer, as he gazed wildly around, and then advanced into the lodge. Tisquantam, supporting the form of his Monoma, pointed silently toward Marie—but already the French maiden had been caught to the bosom of her sire.

"Marie! my beloved! image of my angel-wife! do I again behold thee? Oh, joy, joy! I thank Thee, Heavenly Father, for this crowning mercy!"

Marie, bewildered and almost fainting, yet still sensible of the dear kindred of that voice which called her daughter, clung around the neck of Sieur Luzerne, while a torrent of tears blinded her beautiful eyes. St. Elmo and Robin Ball gazed in wonder at the scene.

But all was soon explained—all tears dried, and every throb, save that of happiness, calmed to rest in the loving breast of the reunited ones. There, amid the quiet of the little islet, and the shadowy forest, while the morning sun struggled upward through the mists, each thrilling story of the past was related; glad voices mingled in the utterance of future hopes, till at length, as morn approached, Monoma suddenly rose, and cried:

"Let us go to your brother, dear Marie. He must share our happiness?"

"The noble boy! to him indeed must we hasten!" cried the Sieur de Luserne. "At once let us set out."

Tisquantam rose and left the wigwam, but only to repair to the sea-shore, whence he speedily returned, accompanied by his British captain, and a well-armed company of mariners. These were soon marshaled, with St. Elmo and Robin Ball at their head, and then the whole party set forth from the islet and took their way toward the Narragansett village.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BLAZING STAR.

THE morning which followed the strange nuptials of Louis and Sameeda on the moonlighted sea-shore, the princess mingled as usual among the groups of youths and maidens who joined in spirit and converse before the lodge of Massasoit, where gathered the old men and children of the tribe. But Sameeda gave little thought to light word or gayety. Her heart was like a rose filled with rain; and often during the day tears would fill her eyes, as she murmured, half-unconsciously, her lover's name.

Once a dark cloud covered her spirit, for she beheld Sakanto enter her father's lodge, and feared lest the watchful eye of the medicine-man should read her secret. But the Indian's eyes, as he passed, were fixed upon the ground, and when he again came forth, he greeted the princess smilingly, and spoke a pleasant word, unusual to his silent mood. So Sameeda grew cheerful again, and turned away, to think of her cherished Louis.

A hunt had been appointed for the day, and Massasoit, Sakanto, and the young white brave, were to follow the same trail. Together they pursued the flying deer, driving their arrows into his reeking breast—together they chanted the loud hunting-song that called the squaws of the tribe to bear the slain quarry to the lodges—and together, when the sports were over, they returned to the village, and sat down to smoke the evening calumet.

But when the general feasting was over, and the light of burning pine-knots began to gleam from one and another of the huts, Louis directed his steps to the sea-shore to meet his beloved Sameeda. One day more were they to tarry among the red-men, and then, through the unknown wilderness, shape their course for the homes of distant white men. Louis

hastened toward the lonely trysting-place, but had advanced not far ere he met the priest Claude, who grasped his hand and whispered hurriedly:

"Son Louis! I dread there is danger abroad."

"What fear you, Abbe Claude?"

"My son! the craft of the savage is beyond our scrutiny. Tell me why yon lodge of Massasoit is illuminated, and why those grim warriors stand like sentinels around the door?"

"'Tis but a feast, good Father Claude—a banquet of the royal chiefs, to which we, as captives, can not be bidden. Sakanto spoke this day of it to Massasoit as we followed the hunting-path together."

"Ah! Sakanto! I fear that dark savage!" said the old man. "He hideth deep cunning in his busy brain. But why, my son, hath not Sameeda quitted her sire's lodge to meet us, as she promised, by the seaside?"

"Let us hasten thither, Abbe Claude! Doubtless Sameeda there awaits our tardy coming. There together, father, we will invoke Heaven's blessing on our purpose, and take counsel, so that the morrow's noon shall behold us far on our southern way, where the settlements of our race can protect us against all the power of Sakanto or Massasoit."

"But, my son, hear me! The princess has not yet left the king her father's lodge. I watched it during the twilight, and beheld her figure pass within—and there, also, Louis, was the dark medicine-man!"

"I will go thither, then," cried the young man. "I will demand to behold my wife!" But the good Abbe checked his rash footsteps.

"Stay! it were death for either of us to enter the king's lodge unbidden. But look! a warrior leaves the lodge! He comes toward us!"

As the priest spoke, a plumed chief emerged from the wigwam of Massasoit, and advanced toward the spot where the two pale-faces stood. Passing suddenly before them, he delivered his message in a measured voice:

"Massasoit bids his white brothers to the banquet!"

Then, wheeling slowly, he walked away in grave silence.

"We must follow," cried Louis. "It is but one of their rude festivals. We have naught to fear, and there shall I behold Sameeda!"

"Heaven grant that no evil is in store for us!" answered the priest, shaking his white locks.

And, treading in the footprints of their plumed conductor, the two captives entered the presence of the sachem Massasoit. The lodge was redly illumined by a score of pine torches, which flashed their flaring light upon the dusky chiefs assembled around the seat where sat their savage king at the head of the lodge, glittering in wampum and war-paint. Sakanto stood beside him, and on either side of the wigwam a line of Narragansett braves smoked their pipes in solemn gravity. Near her father stood the Princess Sameeda, holding in her hand a rude drinking-vessel. Her eye brightened as it marked her lover's entrance, and the goblet trembled in her grasp. Sakanto and Massasoit exchanged looks, and the *Abbe Claude* fancied that some hidden meaning lurked in their regards.

"Let the white chiefs sit," said the Indian king, and then dropped his eyes to the ground. Silence then reigned throughout the lodge, every warrior fixing his keen gaze upon Sakanto.

"Let the white father smoke the pipe of peace!" said the medicine-man, and gave his calumet into the hands of *Abbe Claude*.

The priest trembled, for he noted an expression in the cunning Indian's face that boded some hidden design, and he saw likewise that no pipe was extended to his young countryman. At once the thought smote his mind that some treachery was intended toward Louis, and he turned pale, as he placed to his lips the pipe of Sakanto. But, aware that all eyes were upon him, he recovered himself, and, breathing an inward prayer, looked calmly around upon the dusky groups that lined the wigwam.

Massasoit raised his head, and beckoned his daughter toward him.

"Let the heart of Sakanto the wise be made glad!" said the sachem. "Let Sakanto drink of the draught which the child of Massasoit has prepared for her sagamore husband!"

Sameeda's cheek flushed, and Louis, as he looked upon her, fancied that a tear glittered in the eyes of his beloved; nevertheless, the maiden knelt and presented the cup, which she

held to the medicine-man's lips. Louis clenched his fingers tightly together, and half muttered an impatient word, as he beheld this action on the part of his betrothed wife. Sakanto received the cup, and swallowed a deep draught of the liquor which it contained. Then, returning the goblet to Sameeda, he said, gravely:

"Let the daughter of Massasoit bear her father's cup to the young white brave. It is Sakanto's greeting."

Louis rose to his feet, and Sameeda's eyes now glistened with pleasure, for the transfer of drinking-vessels was accounted a mark of high honor at an Indian feast. She approached her young husband, and knelt gracefully before him.

"Drink!" she murmured.

"Hold, my son! drink not!" gasped the old priest, pressing the youth's arm.

Sakanto scowled.

"My father, there is naught to fear! He has himself drank of this cup!" returned Louis, as he lifted the goblet to his lips.

But Sameeda's face suddenly changed its clear expression, for she had caught a glance at Sakanto's countenance, and beheld it lit with a demoniac triumph as he watched his rival. A sudden inspiration seemed to flash through the brain of the princess, and ere a drop of the liquor which half filled the goblet had reached the lips of Louis, her hand was extended, and plucked away the cup.

Sakanto sprung to his feet, and all the braves arose, while the white men gazed with appalled looks on the darkening countenances around them.

"Sameeda!" cried the sachem Massasoit, in a harsh tone.

The princess made no answer. She half reversed the goblet, and permitted its contents to escape slowly. Then, holding it forth in the glare of the torchlight, the brave girl pointed to its bottom, where glittered a couple of white bones.

"Does Sakanto give his brother to drink of the adder's poison?" she said, calmly. "Has the white brave a charmed life, that he shall fear not the serpent's tooth?"

And, as the light flashed upon the cup, Abbe Claude and Louis saw that the white bones at its bottom were the venomous fangs of a "rattlesnake."

The dark cheek of Massasoit suddenly paled, and his firm lip quivered like that of a woman. He had arisen from his throne, and now stood beside Sakanto, who, with a fiendish smile wreathing his lip, and a fierce glare in his eyes, regarded the young white captives. The medicine-man was furious at the failure of his attempt to poison his rival; for it was he who, in the moment of his quaffing the first draught from the goblet, had conveyed into it the serpent's teeth.

"Poison!" cried Abbe Claude, and dashed the calumet which he held upon the ground.

"Poison!" murmured Louis, his eyes resting upon the princess. "By thee—by thee, Sameeda?"

A terrible pain darted through the youth's brain, and his blood rushed coldly to his heart as he, for an instant, suspected that his wife had been privy to the plot against his life. Sameeda divined his thought, and an unutterable woe sent the blood back to her heart in a chilling, sickening flood. She tottered forward, and, losing memory of all save her husband, cast her arms about his neck.

"Sameeda is innocent!" she cried; "Sameeda is the wife of Louis! Sameeda is faithful!"

"I believe thee, my sister—my bride!"

He clasped her to his heart, forgetful of Sakanto or danger. He gazed into her loving eyes, and, pressing his lips to her brow, drew her closely to him till their two hearts mingled in quick pulsations.

"Come with me! Away, my husband! Sameeda will go to the white man's lodges. Come!"

Alas! the senses of the princess wandered, and, breathing a long, shivering sigh, she sunk insensible upon her husband's breast. Louis knelt on the ground, supporting the form of his wife, while Abbe Claude cried out to the braves, who, with Massasoit, were now crowding near:

"Back! ye have murdered her! Back, or Heaven's vengeance will assuredly come upon all this tribe!"

The warriors paused, for the white sage spoke as if inspired. But Sakanto laughed, and advanced to meet his rival. At this moment a great noise, as of bending trees, was heard without, and a great clap of thunder suddenly reverberated through the heavens.

The torches flared brightly upon the scene within the wigwam. Massasoit leaned upon his war-club, as if feeble, for the sudden fainting of his child smote the sachem's heart. The warriors, grouped around, gazed upon the medicine-man, who alone seemed unmoved. Abbe Claude kneeled beside Louis, who was supporting his Indian bride, endeavoring to recall her to consciousness.

Again the terrific thunder sounded without, accompanied by quick flashes of lightning, beneath which the torch-glare paled. Abbe Claude began to pray aloud, uplifting his arms to Heaven.

The Indians, as they listened to the thunder, and beheld the vivid lightning, and heard the low voice of Abbe Claude invoking the Great Spirit's protection, felt a superstitious awe steal over their minds—all save Sakanto, who threw back his plumed head and laughed scornfully.

"Why does the white sagamore waste his breath? Sakanto will not harm the old man, but he will have vengeance upon the young pale-face who would rob him of Sameeda. Is it not so, Massasoit?" he asked, appealing to the king.

Massasoit groaned, and bowed his head.

"Thus will Sakanto punish all his enemies!" cried the medicine-man, emboldened by the king's assent.

"The Great Spirit will not permit the wicked to triumph!" answered the Abbe Claude, using the Indian tongue, while he rose gravely to his feet. Meantime, the lightning continually flashed into the lodge, gleaming on the red-men's forms, and tingering like fire on the priest's white forehead. "The Great Spirit will avenge the blood shed by his red children. He will utterly destroy the tribes, and give their hunting-grounds to those who live not like wild beasts, and betray not the innocent."

Massasoit shuddered at the white father's words, but Sakanto laughed, brandishing his war-club.

"The red-men are as the sands of the sea-shore in number!" cried the arrogant medicine-man; "the Great Spirit himself can not destroy us, for we are too many! Let the white prophet be silent. He speaks lies!"

"Though ye were countless as the grains of dust upon the mountains, yet hath the Great Spirit ways to destroy ye all—ways that ye know not of!"

"The white liar shall die!" cried Sakanto, furious at the bold words of the priest.

A succession of loud whoops were now heard without the wigwam. Immediately a warrior rushed into the circle, with every mark of astonishment and fear upon his countenance. Behind him followed Tisquantam, attired in the full costume of a chieftain, and leading by the hand his daughter Monoma. At their backs came the Sieur Luzerne, Robin Ball, and the young merchant-captain, while several stalwart warriors, heavily armed, appeared at the lodge-door.

Massasoit, as he beheld the strangers, preceded by the well-known Tisquantam, was struck with the fear that the Iroquois had become a traitor, and was now bringing the pale-faces to avenge the fate of the emigrants. The sachem, nevertheless, hesitated not to make a gallant show of resistance. He sprung to his feet, and, with a single glance, summoned every red warrior to his side, and then, fixing his eyes upon Tisquantam, said calmly:

"Has the Iroquois taken up the hatchet? Is he now upon the war-path?"

"We are friends," returned Tisquantam quickly. "The pale-faced chiefs come to the lodge of Massasoit to smoke the pipe of peace."

"Ugh!" said the Indian, relieved of his apprehension.

But Sakanto's ominous voice was now heard:

"The pale-faces are liars!" he cried, savagely, and a low response ran around the groups of savages.

"They are friends to the Narragansetts!" answered Tisquantam. "They wish to bury the hatchet. This chief of many winters has come to the lodge of Massasoit to seek his lost son, who is a captive, and who now stands by the daughter of the red chief."

Saying this, Tisquantam pointed to Louis, who, with Sameeda clinging to his bosom, looked wonderingly around.

The princess had recovered from her swoon, and her gaze tremblingly followed that of her lover. At this moment a low cry was heard at the door, and the maiden Marie, who had been left for better security in charge of St. Elmo, without the entrance of the wigwam, darted past the Iroquois, and sunk upon the breast of Louis, who opened his arms to receive her.

This new interruption caused silence for a moment in the 'odge, which was broken by Sakanto.

"What does the white squaw among warriors?" he cried. "Is the Narragansett sachem a dog, that his lodge should not be respected?"

"Let Sakanto listen and be wise," answered the Iroquois. "The white bird hath found her mate. It is the brother of her heart, and this is the father of the captives, who seeks his lost children!" And Tisquantam led the Sieur Luzerne toward Massasoit, whose noble features expressed a quick interest in the event.

But Sakanto, divining in a moment that the generous nature of the Indian king was moved at the words of Tisquantam, now frowned upon the Iroquois, and then addressing the warriors, exclaimed, angrily:

"May the curse of Hobbomocko rest upon the Narragansett who heeds the words of an Iroquois! May the curse devour all who listen to the cunning words of a pale-face! Sakanto will save himself!"

Uttering these words, the medicine-man sprung forward from the circle of warriors, and grasping suddenly the hair of Louis, who, folded in his sister's embrace, and impeded like wise by the clinging arms of Sameeda, could offer no resistance, dragged the young man violently to the ground, and lifted his hatchet for a deadly stroke. All the demoniac spirit of the wicked Indian gleamed in his eyes, and assuredly it seemed that at the very moment when sister and father were at his side, the youth's hour had come. Massasoit grasped his club, and Tisquantam and Sieur Luzerne sought to rush forward, but the medicine-man triumphantly regarded them, conscious that he could deal his murderous blow ere their feet might advance a step toward him. But a power mightier than Sakanto was now abroad, whose fearful presence was suddenly attested. The first sound of the hurricane was rising on the shore, sweeping the high plain on which the Narragansett village was situated; and, even as the medicine-man poised his hatchet for the blow, the appalling roar of the storm was heard without. The light roof of Massasoit's wigwam was uplifted by the blast, and its thatched fragments swept away like the dry leaves of a tree in the autumnal gale.

Then, as all eyes turned toward the sky, a terrific chorus of wild cries was heard from beyond the lodge, mingled with the howl of the wind, which had swept onward in its destructive career.

But it was not the cries of horror and fear from the Narragansetts without, nor the fierce sound of the hurricane's approach, that caused every red-man's eye to remain fixed, and made the bold brow of Sakanto to blanch, while the tomahawk trembled in his nerveless grasp. It was a spectacle of ominous character that appalled them.

A glorious yet terrible phenomenon was presented to the shrinking gaze of the Narragansetts. Across the western skies, from horizon to zenith, stretched the blazing length of a comet. Its fiery glare streamed down into the roofless lodge. There it hung, an awful phantom in the lurid heavens, menacing ruin and death to the world. With one accord Massasoit and his terrified Indians rushed from the lodge, forgetful of all save the immediate horror of the sight above. Sakanto released his hold of Louis and staggered after the king.

All the people of the village had now crowded before the sachem's wigwam; affrighted groups of warriors, women, old men and children. A dismal wail went up from all, for each feared an individual fate, presaged by the dread master of the skies.

Some threw themselves prostrate upon the earth, hiding their faces in the grass; some leaped and ran wildly about; others, with bloodless cheeks and gasping breath, clung to one another, gazing, spell-bound, upon the object of their fear.

"Save us, oh Sakanto!" cried Massasoit, as the medicine-man followed him to the door. "Let the Great Spirit's wrath be averted!"

And all the Narragansett people echoed the words of their sachem:

"Save us, oh Sakanto!"

The medicine-man seized his bow, and fixed an arrow in its string. Then, winding around the shaft a wampum amulet, which he took from his breast, and yelling a wild incantation, he shot upward, toward the star of fire. The Indians awaited the result in superstitious awe, but no effect appeared to follow their sagamore's action.

Massasoit cast himself upon the sward, rolling his eyes anxiously around upon the faces of his cowering braves. At this instant Abbe Claude advanced from the lodge, and almost instinctively the invocations of the multitude addressed him, for they knew that the white prophet's wisdom was great, and that he discoursed of the moon and stars. Sakanto himself made way for the priest, though he ceased not to mutter his own pow-wows and mysterious incantations.

But the blazing star did not recede—its light streaming balefully over forest, plain and waters. Abbe Claude paused in the midst of the red warriors at the spot where Massasoit had sunk to the ground, and, standing beside the king, gazed with reverence upon the awful manifestation of his Maker's handiwork in the far-off deeps of space.

But when the good father beheld the medicine-man affix another arrow to his bow, in order to repeat his useless magic, he could no longer remain silent.

"Forbear, ignorant and presumptuous!" he cried. "Tempt not Him who made yon star, to hurl it upon His rebellious creatures! Behold in yonder sign the token of Manitou's wrath against your blood-guiltiness. Lo! the words which I spoke so lately are now made sure by the power of the Great Spirit. Pestilence, and war, and desolation shall come upon ye! Your land shall be possessed by the strangers, and ye shall be scattered before them as the dry leaves are blown before the winds. Tremble, and repent!"

With these words, Abbe Claude passed beyond the groups of shuddering Narragansetts, and joined his young countryman, Louis, who, with Sameeda and Marie still clinging to him, had left the wigwam, and now stood at some distance, surrounded by Tisquantam and his friends. Then arose from the tribe a spontaneous cry, which had scarcely subsided ere Massasoit began solemnly to chant the death-song; for the sachem felt that Manitou had spoken by the white sagamore's mouth.

And as that monotonous death-chant arose from all the warriors and old men, Tisquantam, the Iroquois, led the way for his friends, from the Narragansett village, their path illuminated by the blazing star that shone luridly through the murky air. Once Sameeda looked back, to gaze upon her

father, but the voice of Louis whispered in her ears, and she hurried on at his side.

Well, indeed, was it that the Iroquois hurried away his companions, and that, ere another night, the reunited friends and relatives were safely embarked on board the galleon, far away from land. For the comet had been the forerunner of the hurricane and earthquake, and the next evening occurred that fearful convulsion of nature which, as we have related, hurried the Creole, Captain Pierre, to the doom that he afterward met at the hands of Mattakan. And ere many moons passed away, the words of Abbe Claude became yet more fearfully verified. Pestilence came upon the Indian land, and of the great Narragansett nation the twentieth man alone survived. Sakanto fell one of the first victims to the terrible plague, which had doubtless been communicated to the savages by some of the articles plundered from the emigrant-ship. Be that as it may, however, it is certain that, afterward, when the Plymouth settlers were first encountered by Samoset and other savages, they learned how their coming had been heralded by a blazing star, regarded by the Indians as an omen of war and pestilence. The pestilence which smote the red tribes was the small-pox.

Massasoit lived on as sachem among his reduced tribe, till long after the coming of the Pilgrim Fathers; but his daughter, the wild bride of the stranger, dwelt with her husband in the distant French settlements of Canada, and slept at last by his side near the great waters of Niagara. There, too, tarried St. Elmo, espoused to Marie, with Monoma, who had learned to love Robin Ball, and under whose sway the rough sailor became gentle as a lamb. Tisquantam himself chose to remain near the seaside, though yearly, at the Moon of Falling Leaves, he visited his child and her pale-faced friends. And when, at length, the English settlers made their homes on the Narragansett shores, no red-man proved more faithful to their interests than did the once-kidnapped Iroquois.

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CONTENTS	PAGE
America to the World,	9
Love of Country,	10
The Right of Self-Preservation,	11
Our Cause,	13
A Kentuckian's Appeal,	14
Kentucky Steadfast,	15
Timidity is Treason,	16
The Alarum,	18
April 15th, 1861,	18
The Spirit of '61,	19
The Precious Heritage,	20
The Irish Element,	23
George Francis Train's Speech in London,	24
Byron Christy's Burlesque Stump Speech,	27
Let Me Alone,	29
The Brigadier-General Contractor,	30
The Draft,	31
The Union Square Speeches,	33
The Union,	47
Our Country's Call,	48
The Story of an Oak-Tree,	49
L-e-g (Elegy) on my Leg,	51
History of our Flag,	52
Extracts from Thomas F. Meagher's Address at Jones' Wood,	55
How much we owe to the Union,	58
Extracts from the last speech of Stephen A. Douglas,	60
Extracts from President Lincoln's Message,	64
The great bell Roland,	69
The New Year and the Union,	71
King Cotton,	72
Battle Anthem,	75
The ends of Peace,	76
Freedom the Watchword,	77
The Crisis of our National Disease,	80
The Duty of Christian Patriots,	83
Turkey Dan's Fourth of July Oration,	86
A fearless Plea,	87
The Onus of Slavery,	90
A Foreigner's Tribute,	92
Catholic Cathedral,	96
The "Speculators,"	98
The Little Zouave,	94
Our Native Land,	99

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